

THE American Girl

MARCH 1949

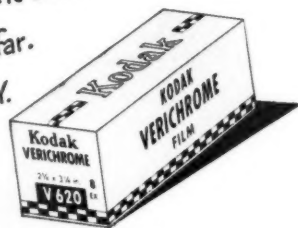
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by **CARL BOSLER**

RECOMMENDED RECORDS

Popular

Blue Moon . . . Fools Rush In . . . Billy Eckstine . . . MGM . . . Billy's mellow, torchy baritone is just right for these haunting, romantic ballads. Both tunes are colorfully enhanced by unusual arrangements.

Got My Love To Keep Me Warm . . . I'm A-Tellin' You Sam . . . Les Brown . . . Columbia . . . Here's that favorite cold-weather remedy, neatly accented by sharp trombone work and tightly knit sax phrases. On the "Sam" side you'll hear of a "joyous" cat who'll soon be middle-aisling, plus trombones with tricky plunger effects.

My Darling, My Darling . . . Jo Stafford and Gordon MacRae . . . Capitol . . . Two of Capitol's brightest stars turn in a fine co-operative effort on this pleasant song from the new musical "Where's Charley?" The Starlighters give a well-modulated assist with shimmering vocal harmonies.

Goody Goodbye . . . What's Wrong With Me . . . Patti Page . . . Mercury . . . Patti, a delightful vocal newcomer, turns to a zesty old-timer on the first, and sings it with a beat that makes it revival material. There's a change of pace on the "Wrong" side, and everything's right with Patti's singing.

Siesta . . . Jack Fina . . . MGM . . . The notorious mosquito is in again, this time breaking up Pancho's siesta as he buzzes by in rumba rhythm. It's a whimsical, well-styled tale with lots of Latin flavor.

If I Steal A Kiss . . . Senorita . . . Frank Sinatra . . . Columbia . . . Frank threatens a pretty bit of thievery in this new ballad from the MGM picture, "The Kissing Bandit," while on the reverse he offers this happy loot to his "Senorita."

Join The Band . . . Billy May . . . Capitol . . . If you play an instrument and would like to sit in with some of the top men in jazz, this eight-side set of old standards is just the thing for you. The full-sounding background arrangements are ingeniously devised, and have plenty of solo spots.

Jazz

Tailgate Ramble . . . Johnny Mercer and Wingy Manone . . . Capitol . . . Johnny and

Wingy are right in their element on this long-time favorite of old-time jazzmen. Wingy's wide-open trumpeting leads the way, and his Dixieland band is on hand to furnish all the necessary trimmings.

Concert

Gounod: Faust Ballet Music, City of Birmingham Orchestra, George Weldon. Goethe's immortal drama, based on the ancient Faust legend of a philosopher who sells his soul to the devil in return for the gift of youth, has inspired many composers. Berlioz, Wagner, Schumann, and Liszt all have contributed dramatic musical impressions of the story. Gounod's familiar "Faust" was the first opera ever given at the Metropolitan—October 22, 1883. Included in this album is the gay and festive music for the "Kermesse," the fair at which the first meeting of Marguerite and Faust occurs, and the furious and exciting ballet music from the "Walpurgis Night" scene. (Columbia Album).

Moussorgsky: Pictures At An Exhibition, played by pianist Vladimir Horowitz. Here indeed is a masterful performance which all who cherish superlative artistry should hear. Mr. Horowitz seemingly achieves the impossible by drawing from his piano a variety of tone color and dynamic range which is almost orchestral. In no sense, however, is it in competition with the familiar Ravel orchestration of the "Pictures"; it is solely a pianistic tour de force, a peerless interpretation of piano literature that is unique. (Victor Album).

Wagner: Die Walküre—Wotan's Farewell and Magic Fire Music, New York Philharmonic, Stokowski. This music from "Die Walküre," the second of the four operas which comprise Wagner's monumental "Ring," occurs in the opera's closing scene. Wotan bids farewell to his daughter, then summons Loki, the god of fire; and as the "Magic Fire Music" sounds from the orchestra, flames encircle the sleeping Brunnhild. This is an eloquent performance of beautiful and dramatic music. (Columbia Album).

THE END

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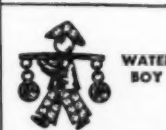
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March, 1949

Two for the Show

by Ellsworth Newcomb

Illustrated by ROY CLINKER

TAKE it easy, boy." Millie Taylor reined her horse in firmly, but she sympathized with his impatience. She wanted to hurry, too. For weeks she had been counting the days till the horse show, and once they reached the Club grounds tomorrow's red-letter event would seem that much nearer.

But Mr. Bones must have time to cool off before he was stabled. Millie stroked his brown silk neck; then her heart thudded as she glimpsed the Club's white fences. Suddenly she felt panicky. Under the faded dungarees she was wearing so as to save her one and only pair of jodhpurs for the show, her knees felt wobbly. What if her mother and father were right in thinking that she'd be laughed at for showing Mr. Bones? It was true that unlike the other girls' mounts, he was a retired Army horse and didn't have quite their style and perfection. But he could still go like the wind, and Millie had never seen a fence he wouldn't jump. Sleekly groomed as he was now by her loving hands, she was sure anyone would be proud of him, and she simply couldn't miss this chance.

To Millie, the idea of riding in a real horse show was the most thrilling thing in the world. She had dreamed of it for years and had a scrapbook bulging with clippings about famous exhibits. When it had been decided to have a show right here in West Harbour, with a special class for junior misses, she had been dizzy with excitement. It was the most terrific thing that had happened since the day her father had brought Mr. Bones home, six years ago, when Millie was eight.

Suddenly Pride stopped, frozen with fear, and Lois hurtled over his head

The American Girl



She had loved Mr. Bones at first sight, and never could get enough of her father's stories about her horse's adventurous days with the Squadron, when he had jumped the highest hurdles and been ridden in polo matches and even in sham battles. She had fed him, and groomed him, and nursed him when he had gone lame.

At the beach one afternoon she had heard the older girls talking about the horse show and the classes for junior misses. There were to be three events—horsemanship, a ~~stunt~~ race, and best of all, a jumping class. Any girl from four to sixteen could enter, provided she showed in all three events. Millie had rushed home to tell her mother.

"I'll pay the entrance fee out of my allowance," she had finished in haste, remembering she had heard quite a lot of talk about expenses lately.

"But Millicent Taylor," her mother had frowned, "you certainly can't be serious. We all love Mr. Bones, but he isn't a show horse. Lucy Trent will be exhibiting one of their prize winners, and all the other girls have show horses. Why, you'd be laughed out of the ring."

Her father, who had been so touchy and worried all summer, had been even more out of patience. "I'm sick and tired of all this horse talk," he had declared. "I should have sold Mr. Bones long ago. He's a needless expense when we should be cutting down."

Millie's blue eyes had been dark with tears as she started for the door, determined not to let her parents see her cry. Then all at once her father had relented.

"Oh, all right," he had said. "If it means that much to you, go ahead. But I think you'll be sorry."

Millie had headed for the barn to feed Mr. Bones. "If only we could have afforded to send her to camp," she had heard her mother sigh.

"If I could land that Trent account a lot of things would be possible." Her father's voice had drifted out to her. "But I can't seem to get the man to see me."

Millie puzzled over the scrap of conversation for a moment. She knew Mr. Trent was the head of a big manufacturing company and her father was with an advertising agency. Probably the agency would like to handle the Trent Company advertising. But she had far too many dazzling plans for the show whirling around in her head to leave room for grownups' problems.

Two weeks later she had felt very important when she paid her entrance fee and was given the round white tag with EXHIBITOR printed on it. The tag was now fastened to the top button of her crumpled blouse, and as she turned into the Hunt Club drive she watched it swing in time to Mr. Bones' steps, and all her excitement over tomorrow's show flooded back.

"We'll win a prize, won't we, boy?" she whispered as they neared the long, low stables beyond which, circled by green lawns, the clubhouse lifted its graceful white columns.

"Hi, there, Millie!" A girl in trim jodhpurs greeted her from the back of a handsome roan whose bridle was being adjusted by one of the Club grooms. "What are you doing so far from home?"

Before Millie could answer, half a dozen girls in expensively correct riding habits swarmed up, and her heart sank as she saw Lois Deane's mocking eyes squint at her from a surrounding network of freckles. At school Lois made the lives of the younger girls miserable with her teasing, but surely here, where they were all on an equal footing, she'd be decent.

Lois, however, had no such ideas of good sportsmanship. "Don't look now," she said loudly, "but that's an exhibitor's tag Millie's wearing along with those price-

less dungarees. Friends, I do believe she's entered that Army nag of hers in the junior-miss classes. We'd better watch our steps."

When peals of laughter broke around her, Millie felt exactly the way she had the day the baseball hit her in the pit of the stomach. All these girls were older than she, but most of them went to her school and she had often ridden with them. Except for Lois, she had thought of them as friends. Yet here in the formal, manicured grounds of the Club—to which the Taylors did not belong—they were ready to follow Lois in making fun of her old clothes and of Mr. Bones. As if she hadn't just as much right to show her horse as anyone!

She rallied after a stunned moment. "Of course I'm riding Mr. Bones tomorrow. What's wrong with that?"

"Oh, not a thing in the world," squealed Lois. "I only wish all the horses were like him. Then I'd be sure of winning."



"Don't look now," Lois said loudly, "but that's an exhibitor's tag Millie's wearing"

Her face crimson, Millie dismounted quickly and led Mr. Bones to the stall he was to occupy. Her hands shook as she unsaddled him. How right her mother and father had been! The girls did think it was a huge joke to show Mr. Bones. If today was this bad, tomorrow would be a nightmare. For a miserable second she hid her dust-streaked cheek against her horse's smooth neck and longed to go home. But that would be admitting she was ashamed. Ashamed of dear, gentle Mr. Bones. Her chin came up, high and determined. No matter what the girls said, she wouldn't back down now.

Ignoring them all, she was busily applying saddle soap to her tack when a horse van rumbled into the drive, followed by Lucy Trent's smart convertible.

The Trents owned the biggest place in West Harbour and showed their famous horses all over the country. Lucy had even ridden at Madison Square Garden in New York. If Lois,

whose horse was really nothing to brag about, thought Millie was crazy to have entered Mr. Bones, what on earth would Lucy say?

Millie concentrated on rubbing a sweat stain out of her saddle as Lucy joined the group of girls. They all watched her bay mare being led out of the luxurious van, then exclaimed when a second horse, a fine black gelding, followed.

"Well, for Pete's sake," Lois asked tartly, "what's the idea of bringing *two* horses to the show?"

Lucy laughed. "Dad insisted on entering Pride. He hopes I'll change my mind and ride him instead of Blarney. But I think I'll stick to the one I'm used to, though of course Pride is the best jumper in our stable."

"Relax," said Lois, a malicious grin dividing her freckles. "Millie Taylor is showing Old Bones—or whatever his name is. So none of us has a chance, no matter (Continued on page 24)

Mr. Bones was a veteran warrior, but no one ever thought a show ring would become his battleground



SHARON turned in at her gate and averted her head so that she need not see the sign swinging on its standard. She resented that sign, *Evelyn Keith, M. D.*, and what it did to her life.

The town was proud of Evelyn Keith, its only woman doctor, and so was she. But it seemed to her that everyone had more claim to her mother and her mother's time than her daughter.

The resentment had been simmering for a long time, but today it had come to a boil. The class play, and herself the heroine. Her arms full of flowers. Everyone milling around

and saying, "You were wonderful, Sharon!" "Too bad your mother wasn't here!" "What a shame your mother so seldom can get to school affairs!" All the other members of the cast being admired and murmured over by their mothers. But hers couldn't be there.

Evelyn Keith wasn't like other mothers. Every time Sharon went to lunch at Bea's, Mrs. Lonsdale had on a becoming dress and a frilly apron. Her own mother was even prettier than Mrs. Lonsdale, but Sharon hardly ever saw her in anything but tailored skirts and stiff white jackets, with a stethoscope

Dr. Keith took one look at the gasping baby. "Sharon, you'll have to help me," she said



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The

Doctor's Daughter

by Adele de Leeuw

Illustrated by JOHN NORTHCROSS

swinging around her neck, or a thermometer in her hand.

The sunny, chintz-hung living room seemed empty and lonesome in its orderly silence. From the office side of the house came the faint, pervasive odor of disinfectant. Sharon wrinkled her nose in distaste and went on into the kitchen. Mrs. Parsons, the housekeeper, hatted and coated, was waiting for her.

"Your mother just got in from a call," she said at once. "Two people in the waiting room. Be sure to give her the messages on the pad as soon as she's free. Cold lamb for supper and I made a salad, and there's leftover pudding."

It had slipped Sharon's mind that today was Mrs. Parsons' day out. That meant Sharon would have to stay in to get the supper and answer phones. She loathed answering phones. She might have gone to Sally's for a record session, or for a coke with Pete. But now it would be, "Tell Doctor to come right away!" "Ask Doctor what I should do for baby's cough—" "Can Doctor Keith get out here this evening? My little girl's running a temperature."

She wanted a mother who could sit and listen, uninterrupted, to her triumphs at school; a mother who got into a house coat and read or sewed in the evening. But she had a mother who buttoned herself into a heavy reefer and rode out five miles to the Baskins' farm; a mother who said remorsefully, "Dear, I did so want to see that movie with you, but Miss Harding's had a relapse—"

Sharon balled up the yellow flier she had been holding in her hand—the flier that told of the gala fun-feast the PTA was having Friday night—COME AND BRING THE FAMILY! Pete's mother would be there. She never even missed a basketball game that he played in. And Bea's mother, who made those wonderful cakes; and Sally's mother, who had made Sally's costume for the play—all of them. But Evelyn Keith, M.D. could never get to things like that. She had office hours, or she was on call, or worst of all, someone telephoned just as she was starting out the door.

It might have been different if her father had lived. But he had been killed in the war, and after his death Dr. Keith's practice had grown until there was no time for so many things. For shopping trips and sewing parties, for fun together in the kitchen, for long, lazy talks, for going to school affairs, and being on committees like other girls' mothers.

Her mother hadn't been to a single school affair this year. But she had promised she would come today. She would set the time aside, she had said, and make a special effort. But she had not come, and the disappointment rankled.

"Aren't you proud of your mother? Isn't it exciting to be in on all the thrilling things she does?" the girls asked.

But Sharon was sure there was pity in their voices. She never talked with her mother about her work. Sick people made her nervous, and she hated to think about illness.

The doorbell rang and Sharon flung the yellow flier into

the wastebasket and went to answer the ring.

A wild-eyed woman stood there, holding a child wrapped in a shawl. It was evident that she had mistaken the house door for the office entrance. The child's face was contorted and purple, his eyes bulging. The most horrible sounds came from his gasping mouth.

"My baby! He's dying! Where's the doctor! Hurry!"

Sharon pulled her into the house—there was no time to re-direct her. She could hardly bear to look at the child. The sounds he made sent shivers of fear down her back. She led the frightened woman through the waiting room, where two patients looked up, startled, as they went through, and flung open the office door. Her mother was just saying good-by to someone.

"Mother!"

Dr. Keith wheeled, took one look at the gasping baby, and crossed the room swiftly to take him in her arms. "Catarrhal laryngitis," she said, after a brief examination. "Sharon, you'll have to help me!"

"Oh, Mother, I can't—"

"Don't be foolish, Sharon!" Her mother spoke sharply. "You must! Quick, hold him this way, so he can't move—there." She was scrubbing her hands at the sink, getting out an instrument from the glass case. "His mother's in no condition to help, Mrs. Parsons is out—I'm counting on you, Sharon." She spoke reassuringly to the baby, "Don't be frightened, lamb. Just open your mouth—that's it, that's a good baby."

Deftly she inserted the gag. "There, dear, you'll soon be all right," she soothed. She looked straight into Sharon's eyes. "I have to put this tube down his throat so he can breathe," she explained quietly. "It's a delicate operation. Don't let him move."

How could her mother be so calm? Sharon was trembling, she could feel her heartbeat in her ears—and that dreadful choking! She was afraid to listen to it; she was even more afraid that it would stop.

The child's mother was moaning and sobbing in the background. Sharon's arms ached with her concentration. Her mother passed the tube in the introducer along the surface of her index finger, gave a press to the thumbpiece on the handle, and the tube was released.

There was a shuddering, hissing breath, a violent paroxysm of coughing as the larynx tried to free itself of the tube. Sharon felt tears in her eyes; her knees were weak with relief. The child was breathing again. He was saved.

Sharon knew that she had stared death in the face. She had witnessed her mother's deft, sure skill. She had seen a miracle. "Oh, Mother, Mother—you were wonderful!"

"I could never have done it without you," her mother said, swabbing the introducer. "I'm proud of you, Sharon. You were splendid. I couldn't ask Mrs. Weeks, out there, for she has a bad heart; and Mrs. Trainor is so nervous that she would have been no help at all."

If it hadn't been for her mother—and for her—a child would have died. Still dazed, Sharon sank into a chair, while Dr. Keith helped the happy mother bundle up her baby, and with some last instructions, showed them out. Then she came over to put an arm around her daughter.

"Darling, I did so hope to get to the play. But Mrs. Graham called—her sister had a stroke. I'm awfully sorry."

Sharon turned a shining face to the doctor. Suddenly she saw all her mother's days—the hurry, the worry, the never-ending calls on her skill, time, and energy. She felt as if she had been blind, and just now had been made to see. She jumped up to crush her mother in a bear hug.

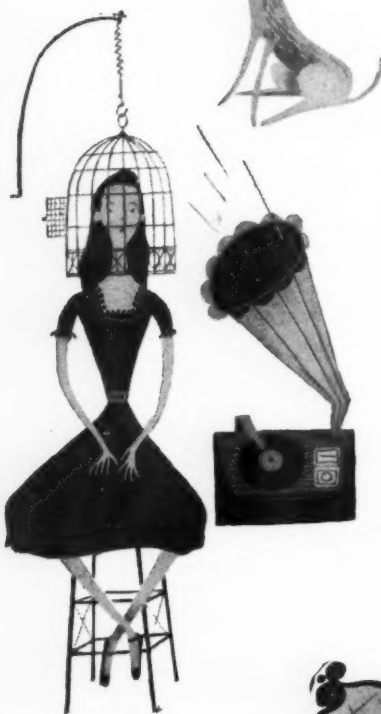
A mother like other mothers? Not she! She had a mother like no other in the world.

THE END

SOUND SUGGESTIONS

by Elinor Cenedella

Drawing by KELLY OECHSLI



HER voice was ever soft, gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman."

If you know your Shakespeare, you remember that King Lear said this about his beautiful daughter, Cordelia. And if you know your own voice, you can judge whether the description fits you.

But maybe you don't know your own voice. Cup your hand behind your ear and say the name of your high school or your street address. Are the words distinct, the pitch fairly low, the general tone soothing and musical? Does it sound like you—the you inside, the personality you want to express?

Very often a voice is the quickest barometer of personality. You notice this with strangers, judging right away whether you're going to like them. And you're sensitive to friends' voices, too. You may think to yourself, "It isn't just that Marnie talks too much; but must she screech it all at the top of her voice?"

But how about you? Have you ever stopped to consider what effect your voice may have on friends and family, classmates and teachers? Over the phone, in first introductions at parties, on a new baby-sitting assignment, and

later in that all-important job interview, it's your voice that represents the things you are. Your voice is *you*.

Make yourself speech-conscious and listen to voices and their effect on you. Some are unpleasant: colorless, harsh, droning, shrill, and tired. Do you like the person behind the voice?

Other voices are delightful: resonant, expressive, clear, well-modulated, and magnetic. They belong to people who know what their vocal cords are for, and use them to put their best voice forward. Many of your favorite radio and movie personalities fall into this category.

You can, too. But you ought to know something about your own vocal equipment. You have a voice box that's actually a kind of musical instrument, and should be treated as carefully as one. Your voice is a combination of vibrating reeds (the vocal cords) and resonant air cavities (the front and back parts of the mouth, and the nasal cavity). Whenever you speak or sing, you use these reeds and resonators much as a musician plays upon an instrument. Air forced up from your lungs makes the vocal cords move rhythmically. Sound waves resound through the various cavities and come

(Continued on page 29)

Does your voice sound like you—the personality you want to express? Now's the time to check up!



by Ruth Baker Bowman

Photos by Melvin Weiss

"Parranda"



THE party began in the apartment of a Swedish-American family, in a part of Manhattan where Jewish, Irish, Negro, Italian, Puerto Rican, Oriental, and Turkish Americans live crowded together.

The refreshments: a delicious, Scandinavian smörgasbord—tiny meat balls, cheeses, salad, dark bread, salted-fish delicacies, and plenty of milk. The guests were a dozen junior-high students excused from Manhattan Public School 165, five mothers (one in charge of the party), a teacher or two, and a Swiss-born grandmother. They were all off together on a progressive open house, the kind of party that's called a "Parranda" in Puerto Rico.

The introductions at this party sounded like a United Nations roll call. Lopez, Chapnick, Hennessey, de Platte, Greene, Weinbaum were some of the names. And when everyone in turn had told where he or she was born, and where their mothers and fathers were born, it seemed that thirteen nations and twelve States of the Union were represented in one cozy living room!

You might think that people of such varied backgrounds wouldn't have much to discuss, but by the time they had progressed down the street and enjoyed traditional smoked salmon on onion rolls at an hospitable Jewish-American home, and then moved to a third (lemon meringue pie à la North Carolina was served there) they realized how many things they had in common.

Besides good conversation there was singing, dancing, lots of laughs, just as at any other successful party. But this one had a special purpose. These guests had come together to match customs. At this Parranda they hoped to find a better understanding of the basic sameness behind our many different ways of doing things.

Was it fun? Reported one seventh grader: "I found out that though everybody may say hello in a different way, they still say it. There was only one thing I didn't like about the party, and that was when it was time to go."

How did it work? At the start of the Parranda, just to break the ice, the hostess was asked to tell about some of the treasures in her home. An amusing, hand-carved, Swedish nutcracker was produced; a music box played a Scandinavian folk tune; two favorite brass candlesticks were brought down from the piano top—and the conversation was off. For to every person there, it seemed, candlelight had a special meaning. Festive dinner-party candles, candles on birthday cakes, the candles in the Crown of Lights which start Swedish Christmas festivities, were mentioned. And that reminded a Jewish boy of the lighting of the Sabbath candles at twilight every Friday in his home.

"I think the Chinese light candles of joy at New Year's."

(Continued on page 35)



Top left: Speaking of folk dancing, a Puerto Rican teen-ager and friend bring the conversation to life! Top right: Lunch is served by the Swedish-American hostess. It's a smörgasbord, with all the delicious trimmings. Bottom: To every culture and religion represented at this party, candlelight has a special meaning



Palominos

Horses on Parade

by Dorothy Childs Hogner

Author of "Our American Horse"

Illustrated by NILS HOGNER

WHEN you go to the rodeo and see a small, half-wild bundle of horseflesh "busting wide open" and dusting the air with his heels, you may think that you're admiring the performance of a native American! Not so. The bronco is no more native than you or I. His ancestors, like ours, came here on sailing ships in the early days. When Columbus and the other early explorers arrived, there wasn't a horse, tame or wild, to greet them—not even a donkey. Not a living member of the horse family was to be found on the whole continent. The Indians who were here used dogs to drag their burdens on their tepee poles.

However, it was not always that way in America. Before and during the Ice Age several million years ago, there were horses in the New World. Of course, the Dawn Horse, as it is called, lived long before man, and even had man been here, the Dawn Horse would have been of small use to him. It was no bigger than a fox and, instead of hoofs, had four toes on each forefoot and three on each hind foot. But given a few million years of

time, the Dawn Horse's descendants developed amazingly. Soon there was the Middle Horse, which had three toes on each hoof, and later there was a real hoofed horse running on American soil.

At that time there was a bridge of land between America and Asia, and some American horses trotted across it into the Old World. This was lucky, for something happened to the horses which stayed behind in America. Perhaps the Ice Age was too cold for them; perhaps there was not enough grass to eat. At any rate they all died, and when America was discovered, nothing remained of the American horses except their bones.

But in America today you have a choice of not only alive, but lively, mounts, whose ancestors were brought here after Columbus' time. Imagine yourself in the country, maybe on vacation at your grandfather's. You pull on your blue jeans, slip a couple of lumps of sugar

into your pocket, and are on your way to the riding stable. You are excited because someone says that the stable has bought an Arabian. You've heard that Arabians are the finest horses in the world and you'd love to ride one.

Arabians, you believe, should be treated like royalty—not like hacks. In Arabia, these animals are members of the family, for the Bedouins love their horses as they do their children. They are proud of their beauty and their swiftness. In the days when there were no horses in their country, Arabian travelers to the Libyan desert in North Africa selected some of the wonderful horses they found there, brought them home with them, and guarded them jealously. Living in the desert and away from other horse herds, the Arabians have been kept pure in type. They have passed on to their colts their fine, sensitive, wedge-shaped heads, their blue-black skins,

their strong, slender legs, and their shiny coats. Some Arabians are white, some gray or other colors, but in the old days most of this breed were bay.

Although the Thoroughbred was developed in England, this breed owes its stamina and fleetness to Arabian blood. The term Thoroughbred has come to mean speed, because horses of this breed are faster than any others in the world. The Thoroughbred is taller than the Arabian, longer of leg, more angular, and has a distinctive way of carrying its head—neither high nor low, but rather at “half-mast.” The word Thoroughbred should be used, of course, only when speaking of this running-race horse which carries a jockey in the saddle. Pedigreed horses of other breeds may be called Purebred.

Ordinarily you hardly expect to find an Arabian, a Thoroughbred, or any other Purebred at the riding stable. It is only a small place, and the horses which you have rented there have been just plain horse. However, you look hopefully about as you turn in at the gate.

Out in pasture is Duke, the part Morgan. He’s a grand horse—not Purebred, but with Morgan blood in him to show the spirit which old Justin Morgan, the great sire of the breed, handed on to his descendants. Like his ancestor, Duke is not very big—not over fourteen hands two inches (a hand equalling four inches, and the measurement being taken from the withers). Justin Morgan, the founding stallion, whose famous statue is at Middlebury, Vermont, was perhaps a little shorter. He was owned by a New England schoolteacher by the name of Morgan, and among the stallion’s descendants were some of the fastest trotters on the tracks of those days.

Today Morgans are bred mostly for use under the saddle, and the official trotter is the American Trotting Horse, a rather rangy breed called the Standardbred—immensely fast at the trot, and bred for the purpose of pulling a sulky at top speed in harness races. Perhaps you have seen a trotter burning up the track at a county fair, or perhaps you’ve ridden a Standardbred, many of which pace as well as trot. The pace is a fine gait to sit to, once you get the hang of it. It’s

rather fun not to have to “rise,” as you do to the trot.

At stylish riding stables, however, horses of two American breeds, raised especially for use under the saddle, are found more often. Down South, where the plantations were so vast that it took many hours to ride from one end to the other, horse lovers bred two fine saddle animals. The first, called the American Saddle Horse, is usually trained for five gaits, often including the fox trot, a slow trot in which there is a break in the hoofbeats. He is a good-sized, handsome fellow, often chestnut in color.

The other saddle horse developed in the South is the Tennessee Walking Horse, which has a natural ability to move at the running walk, a slow gait especially suited to inspection of lands. The gait is comfortable to ride to, and frequently has been compared to sitting in a rocking chair.

But here you are at the stable, and there, nuzzling his head over the top of the stall, is a new horse, with a beautiful golden coat. You run your hand over his soft nose and admire the fine blond mane and tail.

“Is this the new Arabian?” you ask.

“No, he’s a Palomino,” the stable master answers. “But you’re right in a way, because Palominos have a good deal of Arabian blood. This fellow is registered, and his pedigree is in the Palomino stud-book. Paid plenty for him, too,” he adds proudly. And you know he did, for among the most coveted of ranch horses out West are these wonderful golden animals.

You soon learn that this Palomino traveled East in a boxcar with a load of Mustangs and Quarter Horses, a mixed lot of scrubs and Purebreds. The Mustangs often make dandy mounts, and although not pedigreed, also have Arabian blood in their veins. These spunky little fellows are descended from some of the earliest “settlers” of the horse family, brought over by the Spaniards who first explored the West. Some of these Spanish horses escaped or were turned loose, went wild, and lived like the buffaloes and the antelopes. The cowboys, years later, rounded up their descendants and broke them to ride. (Continued on page 37)



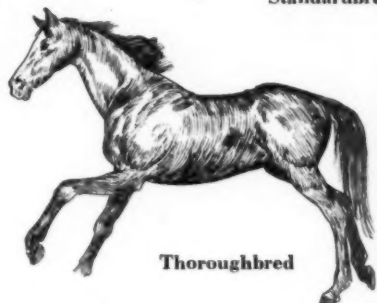
Tennessee
Walking Horse



Morgan



Standardbred



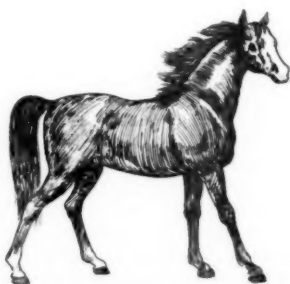
Thoroughbred



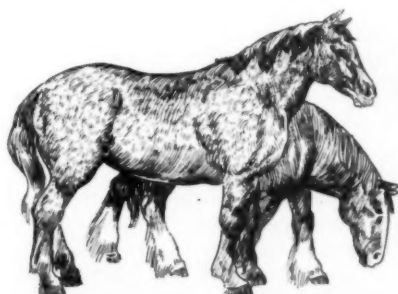
Mustang



Dawn Horse



Arabian



Percheron



Clydesdale



Jackass



Elena Finds Tomorrow

by Florence Crannell Means

Illustrated by RICHARD BAUER

THE STORY SO FAR

With the money from the cherry harvest, orphaned Elena Trujillo hoped to escape from Mirador, the sleepy New Mexican village where she lived with her grandmother, doña Lucia and her great-grandfather, don Cirilo. But doña Lucia broke her leg and because of initial neglect—there were no doctors in Mirador—it promised to heal slowly, if at all. The nursing and all the myriad tasks of a primitive Spanish homestead fell to the girl. Letters from her brother, Emilio, and the handsome Natán who figured largely in her dreams, drove her frantic with their tales of the glamorous "Anglo" world of Pueblo where they worked. A neighbor child was run over and died without medical care. Oppressed by Mirador's need, Elena gave up her chance for escape, through the offer of a job in Albuquerque, to work on her brilliant idea for a clinic, when Refugio, her favorite Mirador baby, became seriously ill.

PART FOUR

TO the hospital? But her father is away working. And what shall I do with the other children?" Doña Maria was panicky in her helplessness.

"Why not stay with them and try to get a little rest, while Elena and I take Refugio to the hospital? She seems quite content with Elena," Miss Ann suggested tactfully.

Though Miss Ann drove as fast as she dared, the miles seemed to drag as Elena watched the suffering child

Reluctantly doña Maria agreed, and wrapping the night-gowned child in a blanket, Miss Ann and Elena started at once. Though Miss Ann drove as fast as she dared, the long miles seemed to drag as Elena, frantic with anxiety, watched the suffering child.

At the hospital a nurse took the baby away for examination, and Miss Ann and Elena sat tense in the waiting room. When the Anglo doctor came to them, his face was grave.

"An aspiration," he said, and in reply to Elena's unspoken question. "She has breathed in some organic substance—a peanut or a bean—and it has swelled enormously."

"And now you will take it out with your instruments?"

He shook his head. "Not so easy after this lapse of time. The region has abscessed badly."

"But you can save her?" Elena pleaded.

"Be assured we shall spare no effort."

They left Refugio sleeping in a high white bed, and drove dejectedly back to Mirador. Out of a long silence, Miss Ann spoke suddenly.

"So you are going to give up the idea of the clinic?"

Elena roused herself from deep study. "Give up the clinic? No!" she cried. "I have just been planning that, while the moon is full this week, I can go up at night and mend the place with my two hands."

"Good girl! But perhaps you won't have to. I've always found that a committee, a work party, and refreshments, make all the difference in the world. Try it, Elena."

Miss Ann proved right. The work party with refreshments worked wonders. Elena secured a committee and preparations were rushed through without delay. They needed to be hurried. The work party took place on Tuesday, and the doctor and nurse would be on hand for the first Mirador clinic the next day.

"Everything must be done today, whether or no," Elena reminded the mother-daughter teams that morning.



The girls climbed on the blistering hot roof to make the repairs there, while the women handed up buckets of mud plaster.

"When have we had a plastering," Connie's mother lamented, "without doña Lucita working at the tiptop?"

They talked as if her grandmother were dead, Elena thought, angrily redoubling her speed.

Beside her, Isabella spoke in her breezy English. "I never saw you so steamed up, Elena. You used to act as if you didn't give a hang. Don't you think maybe you are working too fast? That corner's weak. Why not let the men and boys put in new poles before we plaster it? A heavy rain—"

Elena tossed a lock of hair out of her eyes and went on slapping adobe into the hole. "What men and boys?" she snapped. "What rain? Can you remember when it rained last? I can't."

A few men and boys did come, but mostly for the cookies and soft drinks, Elena complained. There were Isabella's and Connie's fathers, and Luz Duarte and Joe Rivera. By that time the women had to go home and get supper, but the young folks stayed to put on calcimine and a ceiling cloth.

Elena and Isabella climbed up to tack the muslin in place, beginning at each side and working in opposite directions. Amid whoops of laughter from the spectators they met with a sizable pleat of goods to spare.

"I'd like to see you other kids do as well," Joe Rivera scolded in English. "Fold it over, Elena, and don't pay them any mind."

Blushing, Elena tried to look at Joe as Felicia would have, under her lashes. Such open masculine approval was comforting. Juan, who had not taken the Albuquerque job either, had

told her scornfully how foolish he thought her. And Natán never wrote any more. Crowded as her head was with clinic plans, it always seemed to have room for Natán, but he was always frowning at her or smiling at pretty Anglos. Several times she had determined to burn the snapshot of those Anglos, but Natán's black eyes and white smile prevented her.

The morning after the work party she rose at dawn to do her chores, so as to be free later for the clinic. At that hour it was different under the hill—hushed and mysterious, as if awaiting the sun. When it slanted its long rays over Truchas Peaks, through the orchard, and into the yard, the thatched log stables looked like a *nacimiento*, a Christmas manger scene. Elena stumbled about her work, staring at the transformation sleepily, until the cool air had wakened her thoroughly.

As soon as she could get away, she raced over to the clinic. She and Isabella lugged pails of water up from the ravine, and had them boiling on the crippled old stove before the doctor and nurse arrived. Miss Bates, the nurse, was too pretty, Elena thought, and Dr. Ortiz too short—shorter than Elena. And he seemed to have eyes for nobody but Isabella.

Quickly he and Miss Bates spread out their equipment. They need not have hurried. Nothing but their own talk broke the hot, empty stillness. Elena fidgeted at the door, counting to herself the patients she expected. Surely Pedrito's father would have persuaded doña Catarina to bring José. Refugio's mother had half promised to bring the ailing Raquel. Then there were all the others with bad ears, bad throats, eruptions. Elena used all her fingers counting them, and still the road shimmered empty in the sun. After all she had (Continued on page 42)

This



is on Me

by Gracie Allen

WOULD you like to get into radio? My fourteen year old daughter, Sandra, tried to get into radio, but she did it the wrong way. So I was delighted when the editors of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* asked me to write this article for girls who have similar ambitions.

In the first place, you'll have to move the radio out from the wall and climb in through the back. As I told Sandra, it isn't a bit becoming for a fourteen year old girl to have her legs dangling from the front of the speaker that way. Besides, my George always gets so annoyed when he finds the grillwork all busted out. Of course, I tell him he's silly—if he's so fond of grillwork, he can always go down to police headquarters and watch them at work grilling hamburgers."

That's the kind of advice my radio character—the Gracie Allen of Maxwell House Coffee Time—might be expected to give. But I'm going to play it straight, because even though my own career has been built on laughs, a career in radio is no laughing matter.

In the trade, all radio performers are referred to as "talent"—and although I will have to talk to you mostly from the talent viewpoint, you must remember that performers, as such, are very few in number compared with the vast army of people behind radio entertainment. Do you like to write? There are skat-eight different types of writers on every radio station—commercial, script, publicity, spot announcement, newspaper, news bulletin, poetry. Are you good at physics? Radio employs hundreds of electronic technicians. Are you musically inclined? You know how many musicians are used on radio. But the list is endless—directors, producers, sound-effects people, record librarians, stage managers, secretaries, stenographers, and receptionists. And the list of industries allied with radio is almost as long—television, for instance, recording companies,

**Here's straight talk, from a successful
radio star, about her career and yours**

electronic manufacturers, advertising agencies—all of them offering career opportunities to young people with the right qualifications and education. Are you convinced? Good. Let's go on with the story of me.

I was born practically backstage. I still can remember vividly the first time my father, Edward Allen, decked me out in a full-dress suit and top hat over my rompers, and introduced me to a San Francisco audience from the lighted side of a vaudeville stage. I shall never forget the thrill that recurred each succeeding time Daddy and I received our on-stage cue. Like any other little girl with show business yearnings, the applause of an appreciative house seemed more important to me than anything else, and made it exceedingly difficult for my mother to keep me home for dancing lessons.

As for my school, I could hardly wait until it closed each summer, so that I could hit the road. I had a specialty act, booked up and down the Pacific Coast, and was so enchanted by the thought of being on the circuit that I seemed to live just for summer vacations. This early experience proved to be a tremendous help to me in later years, and I would advise any young girl with radio ambitions to get as much practical experience as possible in the dramatic activities of her school and club. Every bit of it, whether it be acting, directing, prompting, or painting scenery, will help later.

My schooling completed, I succumbed again to the lure of grease paint, and with my three older sisters formed a vaudeville team which, with remarkable inspiration, I named "The Allen Sisters." We eventually joined Larry Reilly's Company, where, having inherited most of my father's Irish looks, it fell my lot to do the Irish colleen part. My advice on this subject is: "Don't do it." Because when the company finally went broke in Hoboken, New Jersey, I was stranded with a brogue you could cut with a knife, and actually had to learn English all over again!

It was at this point that I reached the decision never to go near the stage again. I might add that at one point or another most people in show business reach the same decision, and probably you will, too. So I enrolled in a New York secretarial school to prepare myself for a future that offered security. Then one day when I should have been in school, translating words into shorthand hieroglyphics and back into words again, I was over in New Jersey instead, visiting with an old girl friend of mine who was booked at the Union Hill Theater. Playing on the same
(Continued on page 46)

Hollywood Pictorial Service



Gracie says she's been trouping since romper days! Here she is with husband George Burns and teen-age Roddy and Sandra Burns

Bonnets and Boots

by Carol Dancis

Drawings by BORIS GIVOTOVSKY



"Nobby" by Deb is a dressy suede shoe with the new soft toe and multiplicity of straps. It's priced about \$8 at McCreery's, New York



Cape soles are back again—sturdy as ever! Used here on a leather moccasin by Westport. About \$8 at Younker's, Des Moines



The "open" look is captured in Cobbler's of California's soft kid shoe with buckled straps. About \$7 at Rodders' Mille., Fresno



Two dainty straps button across this square heel shoe by Johansen. Calf or suede, about \$11 at Arnold Constable, New York

The American Girl



Betmar uses straw fabric in this French-inspired bonnet that ties sweetly under the chin. From Lord and Taylor, New York, about \$6

A wide-brimmed shepherd hat of a rough straw braid with velvet streamers by Cinderella. \$3 at Sibley, Lindsay & Curr, Rochester



Pert pixy hat designed by Radcliffe, is made of felt edged with a band of spring flowers. About \$5 at Marshall Field, Chicago



This darling demibonnet is styled by Madcaps. Of straw laced in back with velvet. It costs about \$6 at Neiman Marcus, Dallas

The Americans



Girl Parades in Navy...

by Carol Dancis

Photograph by Leigh Charell

It's always been the crisp little navy outfit that catches the eye at Eastertime. Starting at the far left: A trim suit with back interest in the peplum jacket. By Jerry, in worsted and rayon gabardine, teen sizes 10-16, about \$35. College Deb's reefer coat of wool covert falls into a graceful tailspin back.

About \$35, young-teen sizes 10-14. The next two figures show variations of one suit.

Left, the yoke-backed suit coat is worn as a topper over an extra skirt by Touraine. Right, with its own skirt, the same jacket makes a complete suit. Worcester Classics in young-teen sizes 10-14, it's of smooth wool covert and about \$25.

Seams lend interest to this roll-collared coat by Young Classics. Teen sizes 10-16, in wool crepe, about \$30

All hats by Colby

...Dresses in Navy Too

It's still NAVY—for Easter parties, dates, for fun all spring. These, and the fashions on the preceding pages, are at the stores on page 49



Paramount features the new "flyaway" bolero in this rayon taffeta dress. The full flared skirt is gaily checked. Young-teen sizes 10-14, for about \$11

The elegance of the Empire waistband and the grace of a rose-trimmed stole are combined in a rayon taffeta dress by Rainhow. Teen sizes 10-16, about \$15

Ameritex Clokey is lovely in this Deltween dress, with a mandarin collar set off by metal frog closings. In young-teen sizes 10-14 and about \$9



SUMMER or winter, soup is the cook's friend. When the rest of the meal is lavish, a clear, tasty broth gets folks relaxed and in a receptive mood; when the icebox produces lean leftovers, the cook knows she can fill in the chinks with a rich, creamy soup. Hot in winter, or cold in summer, almost everyone likes soup!

Best of all, gone are the days when a homemaker had to stand over the hot stove, stirring a large kettle of soup. Rows and rows of excellent canned soups at reasonable prices line the grocer's shelves, and no self-respecting pantry should ever be without a good supply of the family's favorites. While its chief function is to start off the meal, soup can be served in many other ways. It can appear in main-course dishes, bind together leftovers, turn up in salads, salad dressings, sauces, gravies, jellied dishes, and even as an ingredient in desserts! Let's look at a few of these uses.

CHICKEN-BISCUIT PIE

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 can condensed cream-of-chicken soup | ½ cup cooked peas |
| ¼ cup water or juice from peas | 2 tablespoons chopped pimiento |
| 1 cup cooked chicken, cubed | Biscuit dough |



There are tricks in every trade! Here, two cream soups, celery and tomato, make a bull's-eye pattern

Cream-of-chicken soup is a major ingredient for this simple-to-make, biscuit-topped chicken pie

Preheat oven to 450° (hot). Add water slowly to soup, stirring constantly. Blend in chicken, peas, and pimiento. Pour mixture into greased 12" x 9" x 2" baking pan. Make 12 biscuits, and place on top of mixture. Bake at 450° for 15 to 20 minutes, or until biscuits are puffy and brown. Serves 6.

HIT-THE-SPOT SOUP

1. Pour the contents of 1 can of condensed cream-of-celery soup into a saucepan, and stir well. Slowly add one cup of milk while stirring.
2. In another saucepan combine 1 can of condensed tomato soup with 1 cup of milk, mixing thoroughly.
3. Heat the two soups in the separate saucepans.
4. Cut both ends out of one of your soup cans, strip off the label, and wash and dry the can.
5. Get out soup bowls or cream-soup cups with flat bottoms. (This is necessary if you want your design to be true.)
6. Place one of the opened ends of the can in the center of the soup bowl, and hold it firmly with one hand. Into the can pour celery soup to a depth ½" less than the depth of the bowl.

7. Still holding the can firmly (as in photo), pour tomato soup around the outside to the same depth. Lift out the can carefully, so as not to mix the colors. Serve immediately. Makes 4 to 5 servings.

Another good combination is condensed cream-of-mushroom and green-pea soups. Use the same proportions, 1 cup of milk to each can of soup. Try a half-n-half pattern by taking a saucepan in each hand and pouring carefully from both sides at once into your soup plate or cup.

If you are looking for a new way to serve the ever-popular hamburger patty, and to stretch your meat you'll like:

(Continued on page 40)

MORE RECIPES

Send for your sixteenth AMERICAN GIRL Recipe File today! Including more recipes for soups and ways to use soups in other dishes, this illustrated folder is an important number of the series that you'll want to bind together for your very own AMERICAN GIRL Cookbook. First through fifteenth folders are still available, so bring your collection up to date now. Send us 6¢ for each folder you want, and don't forget to enclose a large, self-addressed, stamped envelope for every two folders you order. Please use the handy coupon on page 41.

The binder for the AMERICAN GIRL Recipe Files may still be ordered. For information on how to get it, see page 41.

Soup's On

by Judith Miller

Photos by Campbell's Soup



These patterns, especially designed for readers of this magazine, may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept. 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering, enclose 25c for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay postage. For handy, clip-out order blank, turn to page 31. Please do not order patterns shown in issues previous to April, 1947, as they are no longer available. Choose similar styles in current issues.

Each Pattern 25c



4734: A wardrobe spring tonic in sizes 11-17. Make the blouse with long or short sleeves; tuck it in, or wear it jacket-wise over the gored skirt. In size 13, blouse takes $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards, skirt 2 yards, 39" fabric

9428: Smart three-piecer—new Empire-line skirt, blouse, and bolero—for sizes 11-17. In size 13, skirt and bolero take 3 yards 54" fabric; blouse, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards 39". Bolero is sketched here in Burlington rayon check

4731: You'll want this now for Easter-Week festivities; and later, perhaps in waffle piqué, for summer. The skirt's tucked, the bodice fitted, and it's for teen-sizes 10-16. Size 12 takes $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39" material

Fair and Warmer

9449: Smart as a spring breeze, and a natural for the Easter parade as sketched here in Wyner's dotted worsted-and-cotton jersey—equally good in cotton, too. Sizes 11-17. In size 13 the dress takes $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 39" fabric; the sash, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard



9449



4796: Sweetheart neck, ruffles, and a soft, full skirt make this practically perfect for dates. Teen-sizes 10-16. Size 12 takes $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 35" fabric for dress, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard for contrast




4796

4762

4762: Make up this clever number in different materials, with high or low neck, at least one dress with stole. Sizes 11-17. Dress and stole in size 13 will take $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 39" fabric





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Stiles OF HOLLYWOOD

Two For The Show

(Continued from page 7)

what horse we decide we want to ride," Lucy's gray eyes found Millie. "Oh, hi," She smiled in a friendly fashion. "I didn't see you. Don't you want a stableboy to do that scrubbing for you?"

"No, thanks." Millie clenched her teeth. Lucy was the nicest older girl she knew, and probably meant the suggestion kindly. But it did call attention to the fact that Millie was the only one who took care of her own tack. Even for this big event her allowance wouldn't cover Club service.

"Ugh," Lois glanced at her fingernails. "I'd hate that messy job, wouldn't you, Lucy?"

Lucy gave her a stony look. "I'd be proud if I could take care of my horse and tack as well as Millie does," she said.

Millie felt her heart swell with gratitude, but Lucy's championship only seemed to egg Lois on and when, later, they all took their horses out for a trial canter around the ring, she renewed her attack.

"It's a cinch Millie will never fall off that sway-back," she remarked.

Lucy quietly edged her beautiful mare over beside Millie. "Lois is just showing off," she said. "She's pea-green with jealousy because she knows you're a better rider than any of us. There's not a thing wrong with Mr. Bones. He's just a little rounder and plumper than the others."

Millie willed back her tears. Lucy was comforting, but even though she'd rather have Mr. Bones than any show horse alive, she had to admit that he did lack some of the points for which a judge would look.

"I've always wanted to ride in a show," she confessed shakily.

"Millie!" Lucy was suddenly on fire with excitement. "I'd love to see you teach Lois a lesson. I've had a brain wave. Not only are you going to ride in the show tomorrow—you're going to win! You can ride Pride. He's won dozens of prizes and Dad says he's the best horse in the State."

Pride! For a delicious moment Millie pictured herself astride that magnificent black horse—all eyes focused on her as she pranced into the ring. Everyone applauding as she was awarded the trophy. What a chance to make her family proud of her!

But that would be a horrid thing to do to Mr. Bones. She wasn't going to desert him just because a stupid girl had made fun of him. She shook her head. "You're swell, Lucy," she said, "but no, thanks. I wouldn't feel right about Mr. Bones."

Back at the stables, she was relieved to find her mother waiting to drive her home. "You look sick," Mrs. Taylor told her. "Really, darling, I wish you wouldn't insist on going through with this silly thing."

Goodness, what would her mother think if she knew Millie had turned down the chance to ride one of the Trent horses?

By one o'clock the next afternoon the Club's parking lot was packed with cars. Busy with her final grooming of Mr. Bones, Millie looked up now and then to watch for her mother and father. When at last she saw them, she felt cold in spite of the intense heat. Suppose all those gaily dressed people should laugh at her, just as Lois had? Her family would be so ashamed they might even tell her she couldn't keep Mr. Bones any longer. They were already annoyed because she had insisted on showing him, and if she

humiliated them by making herself ridiculous today it might be the last straw. Yet she couldn't back down now. It was as if Lois, her family, everyone, were daring her to prove what a wonderful horse Mr. Bones was. And she must prove it. She must win!

As if to assure her he would do his best, Mr. Bones whinnied softly and nuzzled her shoulder. Millie gave him a swift pat, then swiveled around as Lucy and Mr. Trent arrived, with Lois trailing them.

"My daughter tells me you're quite a horsewoman," Mr. Trent said. "I'd like to have you ride Pride for me. How about it?"

There it was again; the dazzling chance to ride a famous show horse, to make sure of carrying off the prize!

But Millie politely but resolutely again said no to the generous offer.

At once Lois laid a pleading hand on Mr. Trent's arm. "Please, please," she begged, "let me show Pride, Mr. Trent. It would make me the happiest girl in the world."

Millie was sure she saw a look of annoyance flicker in Mr. Trent's eyes, but it was gone instantly and Lois' face flamed with triumph as he gave his consent.

Lucy and Millie exchanged crestfallen glances. Lois had tipped the scales neatly in her own favor. With Pride as her mount, the jumping-class trophy—the most coveted of the prizes—was as good as hers, and perhaps all the others besides.

BUT it was time for the first of the junior-miss classes to begin. Mr. Trent held Mr. Bones while Millie swung up into the saddle, and they all started for the ring.

In the noise, heat, and confusion, Millie felt her knees go wobbly again. She dreaded this first event most of all, because not only would riders be judged on horsemanship, but the horses themselves were to score on manners, performance, and conformation, and though she rode well and Mr. Bones obeyed her lightest touch, she knew now that he hadn't a chance against the other horses; against Pride's gleaming perfection. In an agony of self-consciousness she circled the ring with the others.

Walk. Trot. Canter. Would it never be over? As long as the rules said you had to enter this class if you entered any, maybe she shouldn't have shown Mr. Bones at all. She could see the judge wasn't even looking at him. But with Mr. Bones' polo background he still might win the stunt class. She clung to that hope as they finally lined up in front of the judges and the ordeal ended at last, with Lois riding out of the ring with the blue ribbon, while Lucy's mount got second prize, and the third went to Marjie Green's tall roan.

"You'll win something this time," Lucy called encouragingly to Millie while they waited for the signal for the stunt event.

Millie managed a smile. Here was her chance. They were to race their horses to the far side of the ring where a row of "helpers" stood ready to sew a big red button on the sleeve of each rider as she dismounted. The prize would go to the one who first got back with the button in place.

Millie's pulse pounded as the horses sped across the ring. This was Mr. Bones' dish. Now he'd show what he could do. "Go to it, boy," she whispered, and as if he understood, the Army-trained horse sprinted to Millie's helper a nose ahead of the others.

"Hurray!" thought Millie, jumping to the ground and holding out her sleeve, while

(Continued on page 28)



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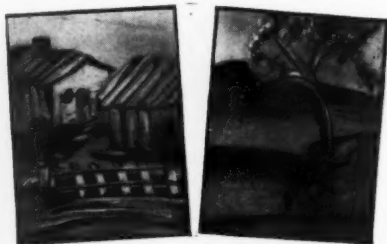


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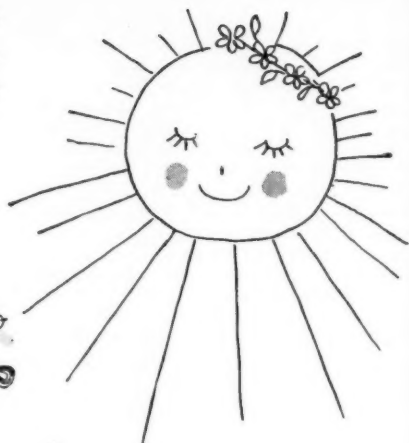
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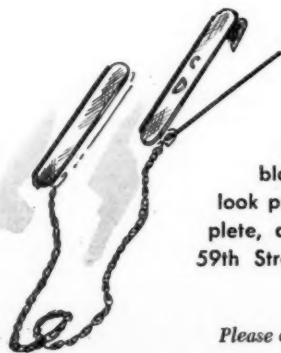
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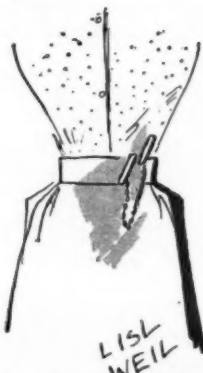


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Two For The Show

(Continued from page 25)

Mr. Bones stood like a statue. After what seemed an age, the button was sewed on and Millie was back in the saddle a split second ahead of the other girls. Mr. Bones whirled and raced back neck and neck with Pride. Then suddenly he was ahead—actually at the base an inch ahead of Lois' horse.

Ready to shout for joy, Millie flung up her arm. The button was gone! Evidently too hurriedly stitched, it had fallen off during the race, while Lois' winked brightly on her sleeve as once again she took first prize.

Millie's throat felt thick with tears. Her one chance to win was gone. The next and final event was the jumping class, and Pride could outjump any horse in the show.

"There's no use even trying," she thought miserably. Then she squared her shoulders. Mr. Bones was a fine jumper, and even if he couldn't beat Pride he was entitled to his chance to prove his mettle. She'd finish what she had started.

Feeling as if a blanket of lead were pressing the breath out of her, Millie watched the hurdles being set up. The three-foot bars suddenly looked mountain-high. It was no use to remind herself that she had put Mr. Bones over many a fence just as tall. Here, in the heat and confusion, everything seemed different. Mr. Bones' leg might go lame again or nervous as she was, she might handle him badly. Her family, Lois—even Lucy—expected her to fail, and now her own confidence was gone. Tensely she heard a number called and saw the first horse enter the ring. With a swerve the big hunter almost unseated his rider as he refused the jump. Then Lucy's pretty mare charged forward, ticked a bar, and sent it crashing.

When Millie's number was called, every girl but Lois had had her turn and not a single horse had taken all the hurdles without a fault. If the others couldn't make it, what chance had she? And there sat Lois astride her borrowed horse, smugly confident that she would wind up the show in glory!

As Millie started hopelessly into the ring, something wet splattered her hand and for an awful moment she wondered if it were her own tears. Then she heard the low growl of distant thunder and knew it had begun to rain. The cool drops were like a whiplash on Mr. Bones' flanks and he was galloping toward the first hurdle when a jagged fork of lightning raked the sky and thunder roared with the deafening sound of a hundred cannon. Then rain and noise blotted out the world, and Millie was agonizingly afraid that her horse would bolt. But as she forced herself to lean forward and give Mr. Bones his head, she felt his legs gather under him, as he cleared the hurdle in a beautiful, soaring spring. And now he was over the second. And the third.

Magnificently he finished the course, as if the roar of the sudden storm were nothing but the noise of the sham battles remembered from his Army days. What a warrior he was! Why, if it weren't for Pride, he'd surely win the trophy for that performance.

Shaking rain out of her eyes, Millie saw the crowd of spectators running for shelter in wild confusion. But Lois, ignoring the judge's signal to wait, stubbornly galloped into the ring and headed Pride for the number-one hurdle. He was racing for it with

his long, effortless stride when once again a burst of thunder seemed to split the sky apart. Pride stiffened his legs and stopped, frozen with fright. Millie heard her own startled cry as Lois went hurtling over his head. For a horrifying moment Millie thought she must be hurt, but Lois was on her feet before the ring steward could reach her. She wiped mud from her angry face and ran from the ring.

By the time Pride had been caught and quieted, the flash storm was over. Before Millie could realize what was happening, the judge motioned all the contestants back for a line-up. In a spangled daze she watched him head straight for Mr. Bones, then held her breath as he handed her the trophy.

She slid to the ground and flung her arms around Mr. Bones, not caring whether it was rain or tears that blurred her eyes.

"You certainly stuck to the right horse," Lucy beamed delightedly. "I knew Pride would bolt the moment I heard the thunder. He's always been terrified of it."

Out of the crowd around her, Millie heard her father's voice.

"We're mighty proud of you, and Mr. Bones, too." He gave Millie a hug, then turned as Mr. Trent came up to them.

"I like Millie's kind of loyalty," Mr. Trent chuckled as he shook hands. As Millie's father looked puzzled, he told how she had refused his offer of Pride. "For once I actually was delighted to see one of my own horses beaten," he added. "Say, Taylor, we're having a little after-the-show affair at the house. Won't you and Mrs. Taylor and Millie join us? I think it's high time we got acquainted."

As the girls rode back to the stables, Millie hugged her trophy to make sure she wasn't dreaming. This was the happiest, proudest day of her life. Not only had her horse won a prize in a real show, but now that he had covered himself with glory, there'd be no more talk of selling him.

Outside Mr. Bones' stall, where his blue ribbon was now tacked over the door for everyone to see, Lois awkwardly shook hands with Millie. "Lucky girl," she said stiffly, "to have a horse that isn't scared of storms. You don't suppose he's deaf, do you?"

But Millie felt much too happy to mind. Not even Lois's barbed remarks could bother her now.

THE END

Sound Suggestions

(Continued from page 10)

out through your mouth. Then they are shaped into speech by your palate, tongue, lips, and jaws.

Did you know that your voice "changes" the way your brother's does? His usually drops about an octave in pitch. It isn't so noticeable in girls, but your vocal cords do lengthen somewhat, and this means that your early teens are probably the best time to check on your voice.

Unfortunately, the teen years are just the time when many girls ruin their voices, according to Professor Charles A. Dwyer, a well-known speech authority who teaches at New York University. He says that teenage girls talk at too high a pitch, in too loud a tone, wreaking havoc on their own vocal cords and other people's ears.

"Listen to yourself and train yourself to

(Continued on page 31)

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Sound Suggestions

(Continued from page 29)

talk at a low pitch," Professor Dwyer advises. "If you find that you're speaking in a high, excited tone, stop a moment, then drop to a low tone. Make a habit of this until you've learned to control your voice, and soon you'll be speaking calmly at a pitch natural to you. Breathe deeply and let the tone ride on the breath rather than push it out."

Professor Dwyer says that with training you can get rid of such faults as a twang, a nasal sound, or a throaty voice. But don't worry about having a regional accent. Concentrate on speaking clearly, with a natural pronunciation, at the pitch that is right for you; avoid sounding artificial or affected; and you'll develop a speaking voice that is pleasant and easy.

Now a beautiful voice is made, not born. You know the care that goes into your beauty routine for your face, hair, nails, and general appearance. Why not develop a beauty routine for your voice? Face it frankly—even a short recording of your speech can be a tremendous eye opener. If what the playback reveals is less attractive than it could be, proceed just as you would with another beauty problem, learning some basic principles of voice care and applying them regularly.

Right away you'll find that a charming voice, like all other physical beauty, depends on correct posture and breathing. Don't hope for a full, round, easy tone if your shoulders are hunched, your chest sunk, and your throat drum-tight. Stand erect but relaxed, breathe deeply from way down near your waist, and let the sounds come up freely through an open throat.

Here's a test for breath control: lie on your bed, breathe in deeply, then exhale slowly, counting aloud as far as you can on one breath. Allow at least one second for each count. Try it again. Can you count up to ten? Practice this several times a day until it becomes natural.

Next, you need a mirror for your voice. Literally. Keep a little mirror handy to study the way your lips, tongue, and jaws move as you speak, and to test the flexibility of your outer vocal equipment. For most of these tests you'll need the privacy of your own room, unless you have a super-understanding family. So close the door and look into your mirror.

Tight Throat? Let your jaw drop and say "ah-h-h." Watch in your mirror as you do it, to find out how an open throat feels. Now hum "m-m-m." Then let your jaw drop and say "ah-h-h-h." Next, let both sounds blend, so that it comes out an open, full-toned "mah-h-h." Now say several times, "Over the rolling waters go," and draw out the vowels.

Lockjawed? If your jaws aren't flexible enough, it's a good guess that people are always asking you to repeat what you say. Watch your jaws move as you say "ouch." Practice saying "The wagon wobbled wildly." "Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall."

Lip-Lazy? Look at your lips in the mirror. Pucker them up as if you were going to whistle, and then smile, keeping your jaws closed. Can you pucker up and then smile easily four times in a row without feeling that your lips are taut or tired? Practice "The wire was wound round the

(Continued on page 34)

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a PENNY for YOUR THOUGHTS

MARION, INDIANA: I am sixteen, and a junior at Marion high school. I want to compliment you on your articles for beautifying yourself before a date, and so on. I recently made use of *In the Looking Glass*, and was certainly pleased with the outcome. And frankly, I think my date was, too.

GLORRAINE SIMMON

JACUMBA, CALIFORNIA: I liked *How Do You Study?* a lot, because I knew I was not learning things as I should.

Your stories are super, especially *Elena Finds Tomorrow*.

DONNA RAE LAVERTY

DALLAS, TEXAS: I like cats and have one of my own. Then, too, animal photography is my pet hobby, and the January cover was such a good photograph I wanted to write and tell you how much I liked it.

I am a junior at Woodrow Wilson High here in Dallas. My greatest ambition is to be a writer and I would like an article on writing. I also like sports, especially basketball and baseball.

BARBARA ANNE ALLEN

SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA: Congratulations on your January cover. I think it is the cutest cover I've seen on *THE AMERICAN GIRL* (and I've seen them for two years).

And, oh, yes, every one of the stories was grand in the January issue.

JULIA SAUER

PLYMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE: I am twelve years old and in the seventh grade.

I am in Troop 3 in the Plymouth, New Hampshire, Junior High troop. I have earned five badges so far. Your wonderful magazine helped me a lot.

Many of the girls in my school have subscribed for it after my girl friend and I told them how much of a help it was in Girl Scout work.

EDITH CYR

P. S. In the January issue, *Elizabeth's Room* was very interesting. She's my favorite movie star.

MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS: I am eleven years old and weigh eighty-one pounds. My sister thinks I am fat. So thanks a lot for *Figure It Out for Yourself*. I made up a club called the Diet Club. I am the only member. Every Tuesday I have a meeting and do exercises. I also eat less than before. My motto is "Thinness Is Best." My laws are: 1. Exercise weekly. 2. Don't eat so much. I hope other girls have a Diet Club. It's best if there are only one or two members.

BEVERLY DRISCOLL

JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK: I am eleven years old and belong to Troop 2 of Euclid Avenue school.

I enjoy the department *Books* very much, and have found many good books to read through it.

MARILYN CARLSON

RICHMOND, INDIANA: In one of your past issues you had an article on Elizabeth Blackwell. I gave a science report on it and got a good grade. How about more articles on famous women? After all, most of your subscribers are girls and we like to hear of the great things we women have done. How about it, girls?

STELLA MARINAKES

AUSTIN, TEXAS: Boy, oh, boy! Was I glad to see your article on *Formula for Friendship* in the January issue. You see I am moving next week, and it will be the first time I have moved since I was five. I had been worrying and dreading about having to move, but I read your article, and I haven't worried since.

GAYE CLEMENS

LONDON, ENGLAND: I have my American pen pal to thank for sending me some copies of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I am just sixteen and in the fifth, and top, form of the Woolwich Secondary Girls' School. Besides the usual math, history, French, etc. I take shorthand, bookkeeping, and typing.

I am interested in most sports and at school we play a good deal of games. I'm the vice sports captain of the school, and captain of the Blue house. (Our school is divided into four teams, or houses, Red, Green, Yellow, and Blue, and we compete for various sports and honours trophies.)

The stories in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* are extremely interesting, and I just love reading about the American school and home life, and fashions, and I feel I would like to know lots more. Thank you for the delightful fashions, beauty hints, articles on sport, and good variety in your superb magazine. I only wish I could have copies of it to see regularly.

Best wishes for the New Year and long life to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

CLARA BICKFORD

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA: I am a First Class Scout and your articles have helped me a lot with my badges.

Please try and have more bedrooms of young stars, like Jane Powell, etc. I like *Elena Finds Tomorrow*, and *New Uses for Old Uniforms* was swell, too.

VENICE HOUSE

WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA: I am twelve years old and go to Whaley High. I am a twin, so I enjoyed *Double Trouble*. I also liked *Elena Finds Tomorrow*, and *But Not Jeff*, but I wish you would have some mystery stories. I liked the article on fabrics; it was very helpful.

CAROLYN EAST

ATLANTA, GEORGIA: *Elena Finds Tomorrow* is grand, and I thought *But Not Jeff* was wonderful. *Double Trouble* was also good. *Fabric Facts* in the January issue will sure be a help to me when I start taking home economics.

I am fourteen years old and a freshman at West Fulton high school.

BEVERLY BARROW

CLEVELAND, OHIO: I think your patterns are very nice, and that goes double for your stories. I wish you would print an article on art or drawing, if you have not already done so.

PATRICIA GREENE

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: Though I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for quite a while, I have never felt moved to contribute to *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. But your January issue had the most appealing cover I've ever seen.

Elena Finds Tomorrow is growing very interesting, and I enjoyed every story in your January issue immensely. I am a high-school sophomore, majoring in science, French, and music, and I would appreciate any article on those subjects, especially some more on medicine.

MARGARET HERMAN

MANSFIELD, OHIO: I am eleven years old and in the sixth grade of Rebecca Grubaugh school. I am associate editor on our school paper, and I am also the banker in our room.

I think it's very nice of you to let girls from other countries write in and tell how they enjoy reading *THE AMERICAN GIRL* magazine.

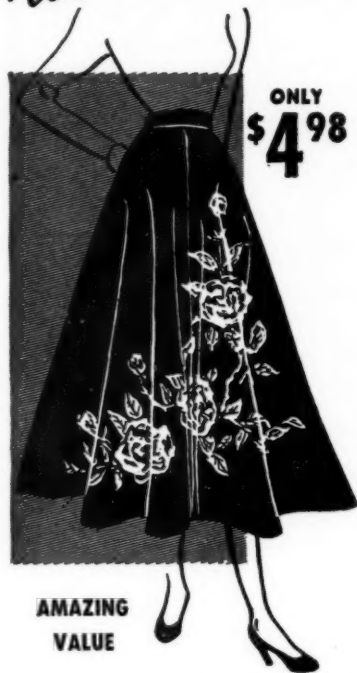
I thought *Pretty Wise?* in the January issue was fun. I made a score of 74. The part I liked best was the hair styles. I made a perfect score on it. I thought it was the easiest, too.

DANA PATAKY

ALBERT LEA, MINNESOTA: I found the article *Elizabeth's Room* very interesting. It would be nice if you would have an article such as this about the rooms of teen-age movie stars in every issue.

JANE IRVINE

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The American Girl

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI: Congratulations on the
January issue—I mean *Fashions and Fabrics*.
This is a wonderful help. It's wonderful to
know what kind of material you should buy,
for what pattern, and how much it costs. I
hope you keep it up. I'm sure all the girls
who sew appreciate this feature.

JACQUELYN JOYCE

FRESNO, CALIFORNIA: I think *But Not Jeff*
was the cutest story you've had for a long
time. It really was a first-rate story with a
new twist.

I am fourteen and a freshman in high
school, I am just at the first-date stage and I
really enjoyed seeing both sides of the ques-
tion. Please have more like it. Thanks for
a swell magazine.

NORMA KIMMERER

BRADY, TEXAS: I think *Elena Finds Tomor-
row* is simply wonderful! I think it will go
a long way in putting a stop to racial pre-
judice. I also think your winter fashions
are lovely, too, but a lot of them hardly fit
the winter weather we have in South Texas.

I certainly wish *THE AMERICAN GIRL*
could be printed in other languages. I have
a pen pal in Japan and I know she would
just love to have it. It's impossible, though,
as she can neither read nor write English.
Her older sister translates the letters she
sends to me.

I certainly did like *Pretty Wise?* and
Elizabeth's Room in the January issue.

ANN GROVES

EL SEGUNDO, CALIFORNIA: I just couldn't
wait to write you and tell you how wonder-
ful I think your January cover is. I am a
strong lover of cats and that picture is just
about the best magazine picture of any I
have ever seen. Most pictures don't look
real, but it seemed as though I could actually
feel the cat on that cover.

I have taken your magazine for going on
five years, and of all magazines I like it best.
The stories, the fashions, the articles and
different tips, and even the advertisements,
are wonderful.

MARY LOU STANTON

HOULTSDALE, PENNSYLVANIA: There I was, try-
ing to figure out what kind of a booth to
have for the church bazaar, when along
came your article, *Write Here, Please!* It's
the answer to all my prayers.

I am thirteen years old and in the eighth
grade of the Houtzdale Woodward Junior
High School. Thanks for a swell magazine.

ANITA ISENBERG

NEWBURY, ENGLAND: I have been receiving
THE AMERICAN GIRL for some months now.
We all find it very interesting—including
my father, who is always as anxious to see
it as I am. The books are passed round at
school, and then sent to my cousin who lives
the other side of England, and she also dis-
tributes them among her friends.

I always turn first to *A Penny for Your
Thoughts* and the jokes—all of which are
very good—and then work through from the
beginning. The recipes are also good, and
as I love cooking I sometimes reduce the
quantities and try them out.

I am especially interested in the *Girl
Guides*—or rather, *Girl Scout*—articles as I
have been in the movement eight years and
have my First Class badge. I have also had
the pleasure of visiting Foxlease and shaking

(Continued on page 34)

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SPEAKING OF MOVIES



STREETS OF LAREDO—is a brisk, action-full Western, bristling with both bad and good men; a beautiful, gun-totin' heroine; magnificent New Mexico scenery; and—with William Bendix in the cast—comedy, too. William Holden is a bad man who reforms, MacDonald Carey is a bad man who grows worse, and Mona Freeman (formerly seen in teen-age roles) has suddenly grown up to play the girl who causes all the drama.

SO DEAR TO MY HEART—is easily one of the best movies Hollywood has to offer this year. Made by Walt Disney, it is a part-cartoon, part-live feature—a simple, appealing story about a small boy, his grandmother, and the boy's troublemaking black lamb which finally becomes a champion at the County Fair. Child stars Bobby Driscoll and Luana Patten, Beulah Bondi, and ballad-singing Burl Ives are wonderful.



TARZAN AND THE MAGIC FOUNTAIN—Young people have a wonderful time whenever Tarzan lets out his shrill halloo—and this new adventure is no exception, although there is a brand-new actor to play Tarzan. He is Lex Barker (and fine, too) who replaces Johnny Weissmuller—but Brenda Joyce still plays Tarzan's wife, Cheeta, the chimpanzee, and her gentleman friend come up with antics that steal the show.



TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME—Musical delight of the month, with those two favorites, Frank Sinatra and Gene Kelly, in a rousing comedy of the days of 1906—the vintage of the title song. Beautiful Esther Williams is the beruffled belle who falls heir to a ball team; Frankie and Gene are two of the players who spend the winter months as vaudeville entertainers. Comedienne Betty Garrett clowns and sings.



by CAROL CRANE

A Penny for Your Thoughts

(Continued from page 33)

hands and speaking with Lady Baden-Powell. The picture of the new postage stamp honoring Juliette Gordon Low is lovely and I hope they will reach England.

I think the magazine is a good way of bringing foreign readers into closer contact with their American friends. Thank you.

MARY LIVINGSTON

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA: I have taken your magazine for about three years, and enjoy especially your recipes. But can't you have some articles and stories designed to appeal to a sports-minded girl? At present I am engaged in competitive swimming, and plan to teach college physical education when I grow up. Your article on Ann Curtis was interesting, but it didn't go deep enough. Let's have some technical articles on sports such as figure skating, diving, bowling, and archery. I am thirteen years old.

ANN CHAMP

Sound Suggestions

(Continued from page 31)

wheel," and "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers."

Tight Tongue? A loose tongue can be an excellent thing in woman, too—if she uses it properly. Looking into your mirror again, open your jaws an inch and see whether you can move your tongue freely to the right corner of your mouth, then slowly to center, and then to the left corner. Do this several times, keeping the tongue away from your lower lip. Now extend your tongue, trying to make it touch your chin. Now try for the tip of your nose. Get your tongue to feel flexible. If it's tight, words jumble.

There's a Reason for a Resonator.

To get full, open vowel sounds, you need resonance, which comes through proper use of the throat, mouth, or nasal passages. Hum syllables to yourself and feel the top of your head to get the feeling of resonance. Or say, "Eeny, meeny, miney, mo," or "The moon never beams without bringing me dreams."

Timbre! Timbre! Timbre is "the very texture of the tone itself," the hard-to-define tonal quality that makes your voice your very own. Make a conscious effort to develop a vibrant tone, full of life and color, and gradually you'll begin to hear results.

Naturally exercises can't be written for everybody, for no two voices have the same problems. It's best, of course, to have your voice faults analyzed by an expert. Perhaps there's a speech teacher in your school. If not, why not tuck that record of your voice under your arm and make a call on a local choirmaster, music teacher, drama coach, actress, or someone else in town who can help you to understand the good and bad in your voice, and to suggest special exercises to suit your needs? It may be, too, that your librarian can point out a book or two from which you'll learn about correct tone production, articulation of vowels and consonants, rhythm in speaking, stress, diction, and expression.

The sooner you start, the better. You'll find that your young vocal cords respond quickly, and if you do your exercises faithfully you'll be amazed at the improvement in the way you sound.

THE END

"Parranda"

(Continued from page 11)

That was all one shy newcomer to the neighborhood could say, but it was enough to set the conversation off on a new discussion of the festivals which are held in so many places—New Year's in China; the Mardi Gras in New Orleans; Carnival time in Puerto Rico. That inspired a Puerto-Rican-born teen-ager to jump up and lead a gay rumba, and then the talk turned naturally enough to the folk dances of other nations—next, to games and hobbies, and to the world-wide love of collecting things.

"When I was a girl in Switzerland I collected butterflies." "I saved stamps." "I have a huge scrapbook where I keep pictures of baseball players." And somehow from Babe Ruth the talk went to the heroes of ancient Greece, to Baron Münchhausen, to Paul Bunyan, to the Lone Ranger. Every age and nation, it seemed, had its hero lore.

Handshaking, harvest festivals, saying grace before meals, wedding celebrations, it turned out, have their basic sameness in a variety of patterns. And when the party ended with the enthusiastic singing of "The More We Get Together," there was truly a feeling of belonging in the mixed group.

Although the Parranda, guided around the central topics of work, play, love, and worship in various kinds of American families, is now an official part of social studies work in three New York City schools, it's the general aim and spirit of the get-together today that is being copied by many groups in many American communities. Your Parranda may take place in country kitchens; your all-American party in a library hall, hospital ward, community center, clubhouse, or church or synagogue parlor. The occasion? It may be a mother-daughter luncheon; a welcome to newcomers from abroad; an entertainment for convalescent veterans. At the old-ladies' home sometime soon, try playing "matching memories"—the game that originated in a sociology seminar and touched off this whole new method of intercultural understanding. Start it up at a get-acquainted party for new Girl Scouts and their mothers or for the families—grandparents and all—who live in Trailer Town.

Singing and dancing are nice to have (at your library, see "Get Together Americans" by Rachel Du Bois for many exciting suggestions). Internationally flavored food will add to the fun. But the people at your party are more important—people of varied ages, people from different countries, cultures, and regions, people with memories. You'll want someone to be responsible for the conversation, too, someone who can draw out shy guests, and sense when a laugh or song will return the talk to its theme.

What will you choose for that theme? Holiday customs, clothes, lullabies, breakfast menus, naming ceremonies are a few that will start the conversational ball rolling.

What fun the discussion that develops can be! What new friends you may make, what a lot you will find in common even with those farthest from your own age and background. And how clearly you will see that the varicolored threads of our American pattern are basically the same.

If you want to have a Parranda, ask a teacher, troop or club leader, or parent to write to the Workshop for Cultural Democracy, 204 East 18th Street, New York City 3, for free information.

THE END

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<p>SET #9 contains photos of Roy Rogers with Trigger, Gene Autry, Al "Lash" LaRue, Bill Boyd, Jack Beaulieu with Jane Russell, Johnny Mack Brown, Eddie Dean, Gabby Hayes, Monte Hale, Charles Starrett, Jimmy Wakely, Rod Cameron, Smiley Burnette, Robert Mitchum, Roy Rogers with Dale Evans, Buster Crabbe.</p> <p>SET #10 contains photos of Burt Lancaster, Guy Madison, Roy Rogers, Lana Turner, Margaret O'Brien, Gene Autry, Alan Ladd, Bing Crosby, Cyd Charisse, Yvonne DeCarlo, Gregory Peck, William (Bill) Elliott, Jane Wyman, Angela Lansbury, Vivica Lindfors, Dorothy Lamour.</p>	<p>SET #11 contains photos of Ingrid Bergman, Lana Turner, Jane Allison, Bing Crosby, Cornel Wilde, Jeanne Crain, Bill Boyd, Dana Clark, Shirley Temple, Dale Evans, Danny Kaye, Margaret O'Brien, Yvonne DeCarlo, Rita Hayworth, Betty Grable, Gene Autry.</p>
<p>SET #12 contains photos of Guy Madison, Roy Rogers, James Mason, Glenn Ford, Cornel Wilde, Alan Ladd, Lon McAllister, Andy Russell, Robert Mitchum, Frank Sinatra, Perry Como, Helmut Dantine, Harry James, Tom Drake.</p> <p>SET #13 contains photos of these Movie Pin-Ups: Ava Gardner, Marie McDonald, Ann Sheridan, Jane Russell, Cyd Charisse, Lana Turner, Barbara Stanwyck, Ann Miller, Joan Leslie, Barbara Hale, Alexis Smith, Jean Peters, Janis Paige, Martha Vickers, Beverly Tyler, Ariane Dahl.</p>	<p>SET #14 contains photos of the following Bathing Beauties: Rita Hayworth, Jane Russell, Virginia Mayo, Lana Turner, Rhonda Fleming, Paulette Goddard, Susan Hayward, Ella Raines, Jane Greer, Barbara Britton, Jane Wyman, Olga San Juan, Mona Freeman, Veronica Lake, Alexis Smith, Ginger Rogers.</p>

SET #20 contains photos of these Movie Pin-Ups: Ava Gardner, Marie McDonald, Ann Sheridan, Jane Russell, Cyd Charisse, Lana Turner, Barbara Stanwyck, Ann Miller, Joan Leslie, Barbara Hale, Alexis Smith, Jean Peters, Janis Paige, Martha Vickers, Beverly Tyler, Ariane Dahl.

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by Hester Jewell

Girl Scouts in Conference

A CONFERENCE is a wonderful way to share what you have. Usually daydreams come to nothing—you know how it is when there is no one to listen to them. But with a troop of Girl Scouts to hear, things really happen.

That's why a conference is a big thing in the life of a Senior Girl Scout—it's a way to get things going, with the best ideas of the crowd and the sound help of speakers and the adult sponsors incorporated. Whether they gather in a high-school auditorium, or on a log around a campfire, Girl Scouts are holding conferences these days on such a variety of subjects as what atomic energy means to our lives; how to lash a tent frame so the wind won't carry off the canvas overnight; what to do on dates; the identification of moths and millers; and how to get along with your family!

Of course it isn't just a matter of getting an idea, and then saying, "Let's hold a three-day conference to work on it." First you want to know what jobs need to be done. Whether the conference is to be open to everyone in a town, State, or region, or limited to elected representatives, you will want the full support of your sponsors, and they will want yours. Girl Scout Conference Committees work closely with the Girl Scout Council in their city, the area council, or the national branch office. This co-operation involves everything from setting the date to typing up the last report when the conference is over.

Incidentally, setting the date is not an idle matter. Usually three months, at least, are needed for planning, so you set the date that far ahead. But the success of your program depends a lot on the planning, and a two or three day conference may well use even six months of planning.

The place chosen may be a campsite, school, hotel, recreation center, or other appropriate location. Last April, the Senior Girl Scouts of Greater New York held their conference at the big Central High School of Needle Trades. In Rapid City, South Dakota, in June, Girl Scouts from South Dakota, North Dakota, and Minnesota used several places—registering at the Girl Scout office, holding sessions at the Coolidge High School building, lunching in the Presbyterian church basement and the Custer State Game Lodge, and holding a dance at the Rapid City Army Air Base. A good many conferences are held at camp—especially when the theme is camping skills or out-door living.

Speaking of the theme takes us back to the beginning. Since almost everyone has an idea about what she thinks ought to be done, it's a good idea to send out questionnaires in advance to get these ideas in writing, and to find out what seems to be most in demand.

"What projects do you feel would most help your community?" What do you feel is the place of young people in the world today?" "List four topics on world citizenship that your troop would like to discuss at the conference." "Do you have any problems of troop organization or program planning that you would like to have discussed?" "What did you like best about the last Senior conference?" The answers will prove a gold mine to your steering committee.

That's the committee, by the way, which probably will confer first and, as it gets a picture of the scope of the conference, decide what subcommittees should swing into action. Subcommittees for housing, transportation, hostessing, correspondence, decorations, and recreation are usually important ones.

Now that the steering committee has its ideas on paper, it begins to arrange them into daily sessions. A typical plan includes a general meeting of welcome, with an introduction to the key theme; small discussion groups (also called huddles,

(Continued on page 46)

A panel discussion with community leaders highlights a county conference

Irene Green



Horses on Parade

(Continued from page 13)

Quarter Horses are different from Mustangs. They are neither scrubs nor Quarter bred as their name might seem to imply, but purebred ranch horses—fine, chunky, solid pieces of horseflesh, especially trained for work on the range. They have rather short legs and a build that will permit them to withstand the shock of a half-wild steer being snubbed on a rope by a cowboy in the saddle. Quarter horses are popular today as cow ponies, but they were first bred for racing in the South. This was before the Thoroughbred had been developed as the fastest horse in the world, and before there were modern race tracks. Then the short, quarter-mile race was popular and from this the Quarter Horse got his name.

Palominos are also popular on the range, the stablemaster tells you, and are trained to work with the cowboys in rounding up cattle. There is also the parade-type Palomino, likely to have considerable Arabian blood, and very stylish. Just hop into the saddle and watch him step.

The moment you mount you can feel this Palomino is going to be your chum. It's fun to ride an animal with a friendly attitude toward the rider, and you feel particularly fortunate to have found one of this breed at a small riding stable. Sometimes you wonder if there is a little Percheron in some of the nags you rent! But the horses generally are chosen for a good reason. They are big and strong, and wide enough of back to stand the weights of some of the vacationers.

Of course a purebred Percheron has very stylish action. Although raised entirely for draft work—the big ones weigh a ton, and have tremendous hoofs—they can step high, even when pulling heavy wagons, but they are never as spirited as a light horse. The Percherons come from France, and are descendants of the horses which the knights rode into battle, all dressed up in a hundred or so pounds of armor. When the style of fighting changed, and the riders wore light clothes, the big war horses were discarded by the cavalry, and taken over by the public coachmen and the farmers.

THE handsome Belgians—draft horses first bred in Belgium—also serve farmers today. The two other breeds of heavy horses, the English Shires and the Scotch Clydesdales, are not seen often in the United States. They both have considerable "feather," or long hair, on their lower legs. This makes them look pretty, but it is not easy to keep balls of mud out of the feather.

It is not much fun for a real equestrian to be put astride a mount with much draft horse in his veins, whether it is a Belgian or Percheron, Clydesdale or Shire, but there is one type of draft horse recommended for riding—and that is a pygmy of the horse family. This wee horse is capable of doing a giant's share of work, but in this country is used mostly for riding and driving. You may laugh when I mention the breed—the Shetland Pony—but next time you see one, notice its figure. Shetlands are built like miniature work horses, and in their homeland, the rugged Shetland Islands, islanders pack peat and other loads on their backs.

But now, as you gallop along the bridle

(Continued on page 40)

SHE HAS THAT

"Isn't Life Wonderful" Look

ABOUT HER!

And no wonder . . . she's proud
to be a Girl Scout . . . proud
to look the part in her
smart Girl Scout uni-
form,—having fun to-
day as she pre-
pares for tomorrow.

Hats off to a grand gal
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(Girl Scout Birthday is
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ALL OVER THE MAP

HEADLINE NEWS IN GIRL SCOUTING

• **Thanks to Girl Scouts of Troop 21, Hamilton, Ohio** now has a community cupboard equipped with special sickroom supplies that are loaned out much in the same way as books from a library. Under the direction of their local Red Cross chapter and their local hospitals, these Scouts and their leader solicit sickroom equipment not usually found in the home, and an unusual "cupboard shower" party given for Troop 21 by all the other Scout troops in Hamilton got the project off to a good start. The girls do all the sterilizing, bookkeeping, delivery, and collection of articles, and when they see such things as a six year old boy, after a foot operation, enabled to move happily about with the loan of a pair of crutches from their sickroom cupboard, they feel well rewarded. Supplies such as trays, crutches, rubber sheets, hot-water bottles, ice bags, canes, and similar articles are stocked and loaned to people who need them and perhaps cannot afford to buy them.

• **In Glen Ellyn, Illinois,** Girl Scouts are busily practicing up for the coming All-American Table Tennis Championships to be held in Chicago on April 16 this year. These enthusiasts are receiving instruction from experienced coaches—something which paid off last year when a member of Troop 5 won national recognition by getting into the finals of the All-American Championship, and winding up as Number 2 National Girl Table Tennis Star. Other Scout groups which want to run district championships will be sent information, and official awards to be presented to district winners, if they will write to the All-American office, Room 602, 20 E. Jackson, Chicago, Illinois. An added attraction to entering the competition is that each year one name is drawn from all the district winners, and a college scholarship is awarded to the lucky name!

• **Girl Scouts who tune in** on "Juvenile Jury," a program heard

Winston-Salem Journal and
Sentinel



Members of four youth groups in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, having fun with a large boat destined for Cagliari. Left: A little girl shows a bonnet and matching doll sent in gratitude by the people of Cagliari



over the Mutual Broadcasting System at 3:30 to 4:00 P.M. Eastern Standard Time on Sundays, will be interested to know that there's a sister Scout on the program. She is Peggy Bruder, a member of Troop 2-390 of Brooklyn, New York, and she's one of the panel of five bright young people who try to solve the problems of others and come up with surprising wisdom and humor. Peggy is also gaining a reputation as a dog expert, due to the fact that she seldom misses naming the dog guest of the week—a

feature of the show during which a live dog is paraded across the stage and the panel is asked to identify the breed. Peggy has been a Scout for three years, and is on her way to becoming a full-fledged First Class Scout. Many times during the year she invites members of her troop to broadcasts, and needless to say, they turn up in large numbers to see their fellow Scout in action.

• **A friend of Girl Scouting** in Alaska writes that a United Nations Festival—with Boy and Girl Scout participants—was held in Anchorage recently. Sixty-two flags of the United Nations, flown to Anchorage from San Francisco specially for the occasion, formed an impressive part of the festival. Scouts, escorted by General Stanley Scott's personal Honor Guard from Fort Richardson, carried them down the aisle of the Anchorage high-school auditorium as the 752nd Air Force Band played the anthems of many nations. After the colorful procession, the flags were unfurled and arranged on the stage to form a background for folk dances and songs of various countries. The Girl Scouts of Anchorage are a vital part of their community—giving plays, caroling at Christmastime, helping with the Alaska Crippled Children's Association, the Pioneer Home, and taking part in many more civic programs. That enthusiasm for Scouting is high is proved by the fact that in 1945 there was not

one Girl Scout in Anchorage, and now there are five hundred registered there and on the Post at near-by Fort Richardson!

• **In Winston-Salem, North Carolina,** Y-Teens, Girl and Boy Scouts, 4-H Clubbers, Junior Red Cross members, the Salvation Army, the Christian Youth Fellowship, a Catholic Youth Group, and a Jewish Youth Group are working together on one exciting project! It all came about through Mrs. Camillo Artom, who came to live in Winston-Salem from Palermo, Italy. Previous to that she had lived in Cagliari, a small university town on the Sardinian coast, and hearing that Cagliari had been bombed so badly during the war that its people were living in caves and tents, she interested Winston-Salem youth groups in adopting what they call the "Make a Friend in Cagliari" project. Since that time, clothing and articles of relief have been flowing to the ruined town, especially to a school for two hundred orphaned boys. Tools for gardening, cobbling, and carpentry, as well as shoes to wear, have gone directly to them. Individual children also have been adopted by the groups, and letters of thanks from these children show them to be orphaned, half-orphaned, or ill with tuberculosis.

Recently, when the citizens of Cagliari heard that Winston-Salem was giving a bridge party for the benefit of their town, they offered to send prizes, and one of these was a doll, beautifully dressed in native costume, with a matching hat for a little girl owner. The set was auctioned at the benefit.

Participating Girl Scouts have used the Cagliari project in working for their World Gifts Proficiency badges—fulfilling the requirements to collect clothing, soap, crayons, school supplies, hard candies, small toys; make scrapbooks on Winston-Salem; and write a letter to a girl in Cagliari.

• **In Anderson, South Carolina,** a mobile lending library, manned by Girl Scouts, has proved to be increasingly popular with patients at the Anderson Memorial Hospital. The original books and magazines were contributed by the Men's Class of the Associated Reformed Presbyterian Church, which sponsors the library, but since that beginning many more books have been given. The Scouts have a filing system similar to a regular lending-library service, and as they roll the mobile unit through the hospital rooms and wards, patients may select any of the books and magazines. Two Girl Scouts are always in charge, and the unit makes the rounds every afternoon and on Saturday mornings.

• **Here's a message of thanks** to you from the Executive Secretary of the American Friends Service Committee—the group which has been handling, sending overseas, and distributing the Clothes for Friendship packages which Girl Scouts all over the country have been preparing. Clarence E. Pickett writes: "The Girl Scouts of America are to be congratulated on their fine work in providing clothing kits for children in other lands during 1948. This is a most worthy fulfillment of the Girl Scout pledge, the ideals of which the American Friends Service Committee has been happy to share through its work of distribution."

"Many letters have reported the joy with which these gifts have been received in Germany, Poland, Hungary, and Japan."

"The children have not always received the packets, each prepared as one complete outfit, as a present just for themselves, but have shared them with other members of the family. It is encouraging to learn that the Girl Scouts plan to continue sending kits to Europe, where the need is still very great. The American Friends Service Committee is glad indeed to facilitate the necessary shipping and distribution." Still more thanks have come from General Lucius D.

Clay in Germany to the Girl Scouts of the United States of America. He says: "Your gifts of ten thousand pounds of clothing and several hundreds of Christmas packages gratefully acknowledged. Hundreds of needy German children will have a happier Christmas because of your generosity. Every American in Europe is proud of our Girl Scouts at home."

To date, the Girl Scouts of this country have sent overseas one million, two hundred and fifty thousand garments, packed in well over fifty thousand kits. This is by no means the final figure—only the number of kits counted and shipped at the time of going to press. Watch these pages in the April issue for a final report on this nation-wide Girl Scout undertaking.

Each month, "All Over the Map" will bring you news of outstanding things being done by Girl Scouts. If your troop has any exciting plans afoot, or has recently undertaken any especially interesting project, write and tell us all the details (send photographs if you have them) so that we can pass the news on in these columns. Reports of unusually successful clothing kit collections for children overseas, with or without photographs, will be especially welcome.

THE END



A group of Girl Scouts of Glen Ellyn, Illinois, who are practicing for the All-American Table Tennis Championship match to be held in Chicago

A member of a Brooklyn, New York, Girl Scout troop, one of a panel of five youngsters heard regularly on the radio program, "Juvenile Jury"





GLAZED APPLE DUMPLINGS

(1) Sift, measure 2 cups flour, resift with 2 teaspoons double-action baking powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. (2) Cut in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Nucoa margarine until coarse crumbs are formed. (3) Add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk and stir with fork only until dry ingredients are moistened. (4) Turn out onto floured cloth. (5) Knead gently until smooth on one side. (6) Roll out to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick within $\frac{1}{2}$ inch of edges. (7) Sprinkle 3 cups finely chopped apple over dough to rectangle 8 x 10. (8) Sprinkle with $\frac{1}{2}$ -1 cup sugar mixed with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup bread or cake crumbs and 1 teaspoon cinnamon. (9) Roll up like jelly roll beginning at shorter edge. (10) Cut in 6 slices, set cut end down in well-Nucoa-d baking dish or casserole. Bake in a very hot oven (450° F.) 20-25 minutes or until delicate brown. (11) Spoon $\frac{1}{2}$ glaze over and continue baking 10-15 minutes. Serve with rest of sauce. Yield: 6 dumplings.

GLAZE (1) Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each brown and white sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon and 1 tablespoon cornstarch. (2) Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups hot water slowly, stirring smooth. (3) Boil 3 minutes. (4) Add 2 tablespoons Nucoa margarine and 2 tablespoons vinegar. Yield: $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups.



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Horses on Parade

(Continued from page 37)

path on your golden Palomino, give one last thought to a true member of the horse family that cannot even neigh. This is the Ass, or Donkey. He can only bray, and that is an outlandish sound to come out of a horse's throat. But if you were to take a trip down the hazardous trail into the Grand Canyon, you'd be mighty glad to be astride a Mule, —the stubborn offspring of a jackass and a mare, and not a nervous, high-strung, purebred horse. The Mule may not be spirited, but is the most sure-footed and trustworthy mount known for dangerous trail riding.

However, we hope that no stable will offer to rent you a mule for riding on a bridle path. We hope, instead, that you are fortunate enough to get an American Saddle Horse, a Tennessee Walking Horse, a Morgan, a Thoroughbred, an Arabian, a Standardbred, a Quarter Horse, a Palomino, or a spirited little Mustang.

As you post or canter—elbows close, knees tight, heels down—think about your mount's interesting family tree once in a while. And have a good ride!

THE END

Soup's On

(Continued from page 21)

BEEF PATTIES WITH MUSHROOM SAUCE

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--|
| 1 pound ground beef | 2 tablespoons bacon fat |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt | |
| Dash of pepper | 1 can condensed cream-of-mushroom soup |
| 1 egg, slightly beaten | |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft bread crumbs | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk |

Combine beef, seasonings, egg, and bread crumbs; mix well. Shape into patties; cook in heavy skillet, turning out on warmed platter when crisp and brown on both sides. Pour soup into skillet, stir well to loosen and dissolve the tender brown bits of meat sticking to the pan, and heat. Add milk slowly while stirring. When hot, pour sauce over patties. Makes 6 servings.

SALMON LOAF SURPRISE

- | | |
|--|--------------------------|
| 1 pound can pink salmon | 1 tablespoon lemon juice |
| 1 egg, beaten | 2 cups soft bread crumbs |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup condensed cream-of-celery soup | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup catsup |
| 2 tablespoons minced onion | |

Flake salmon in bowl, discarding skin and bones. Add salmon liquid and egg to soup; mix in onion and lemon juice. Combine with bread crumbs and salmon. Shape into loaf, or fill loaf pan ($7\frac{1}{2}$ x 4" x 2") with mixture. Bake in a moderate oven (375°) for 1 hour. At the end of 30 minutes, spread catsup over top of loaf and finish baking. Makes 6 servings. This recipe can be mixed in the morning, stored in refrigerator, and baked just before dinner.

BEAN-WITH-BACON SANDWICH FILLING

- | |
|--|
| 2 tablespoons salad dressing or mayonnaise |
| 2 tablespoons chili sauce |
| 1 can condensed bean-with-bacon soup |

Empty the condensed bean-with-bacon soup into a bowl. Add the chili sauce and

salad dressing, and mix well. Store in refrigerator. To make sandwiches: Spread one slice of bread with butter and the other slice with the filling. Put together with lettuce or cole slaw. This amount of filling will make 8 to 10 sandwiches.

Sauces and gravies, which add so much to many simple dishes, can be made in a jiffy with canned soups. For spaghetti, breaded veal cutlets, fish cakes, meat loaf, and cheese dishes, heat a can of condensed tomato soup just as it comes from the can. You will have a tasty, delicious tomato sauce. Here's a slightly different one:

ASPARAGUS SAUCE

1 can condensed asparagus soup
¾ cup milk

Stir soup, then add milk slowly while stirring. Heat and serve over grilled cheese sandwiches.

You may be surprised to find soup in a cake recipe. But you'll discover that it gives rich color, helps to keep the cake moist, and adds excellent flavor.

TOMATO-SOUP CAKE

2 cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon mace
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon baking soda
3 teaspoons baking powder

1 cup seedless raisins
2 tablespoons shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg, well-beaten
1 can condensed tomato soup

Preheat oven to 350°. Sift together the flour, spices, soda, and baking powder. Wash raisins, cut into small pieces, and roll in 2 tablespoons of the flour mixture. Cream shortening and beat in sugar gradually; add egg, mix lightly. Then add flour mixture alternately with the soup, and stir until smooth. Fold in the raisins. Pour into greased 8½" square baking pan. Bake at 350° about one hour, or until done.

THE END

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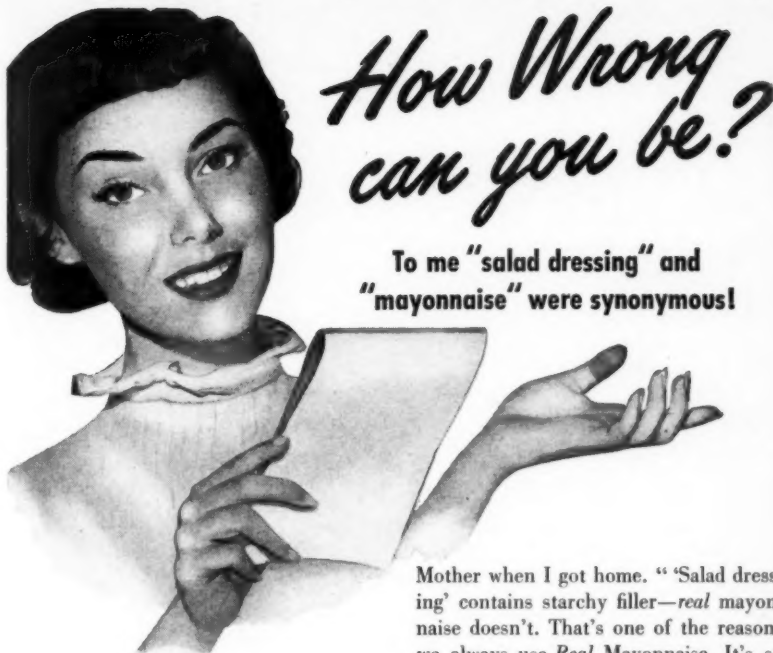
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The American Girl



Mother when I got home. "Salad dressing" contains starchy filler—*real* mayonnaise doesn't. That's one of the reasons we always use *Real* Mayonnaise. It's so rich and pure you can thin it with milk

Since I've started doing the week-end shopping, I really enjoy it. The fact that Bob works at the Super Market Saturdays has very little to do with it. But my latest mistake really gave me a start. I had *mayonnaise* on my list. Being a little distracted, I simply asked for a jar of "salad dressing."

Bob brought me a bottle with a label I'd never seen before. I'm not too familiar with my brands, but I *knew* that wasn't



what I wanted. I said, "No, no...not that...*Real* Mayonnaise!" "You said 'salad dressing,'" yelled Bob. "But I want *Real* Mayonnaise," I replied. "Miss Roberts," said Bob (I was relieved to know he knew my name) "*Real* Mayonnaise is not 'salad dressing.' There's a big difference."

"Of course there's a difference, dear," said



or fruit juice, heat it, cook with it, or serve it as is. No matter how you serve it, it's always full-flavored, smooth, and rich, as only *real* mayonnaise can be."

Abashed at my ignorance, I quietly sat down and wrote for the free recipe booklet called "From Soup to Nuts with *Real* Mayonnaise." A girl interested in a man just can't be too well versed on the subject of food. I'll be needing my copy, so you'd better write for a booklet of your own. Address Best Foods, Inc., Dept. M-AG-3, P. O. Box 671, Church St. Sta., New York 8, N. Y. Only one to a customer.



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Elena Finds Tomorrow

(Continued from page 15)

sacrificed for the clinic, was it to fail because of the reluctance of Mirador people to accept new ways? What would the nurse and doctor think?

"Comes a patient!" Dr. Ortiz cried.

Elena's first quiver of eagerness died. Charging up the road toward the clinic came Amarante.

"One of Mirador's less brilliant sons," Isabella murmured to the doctor and nurse.

"How goes it?" Dr. Ortiz inquired.

Grinning, Amarante scratched the back of his right knee with the toe of his left foot. "I come about my teeth," he mumbled at last, baring them in a huge grimace.

Dr. Ortiz leaned across the counter to peer at them. "They look marvelous," he said. "Where do they hurt?"

"Never do they hurt," Amarante protested. "You must mistake me for my mother."

"Then what is wrong?"

"I want new ones, with blue stones. Like Isabella's rings."

Impossible, they told him soberly. It would cost much money. It would hurt.

"What can you do for me, then?" he asked dolefully, staring at the implements on the counter.

"Hombre, we'll give you the works," Dr. Ortiz promised.

After throat examination, pulse and temperature taking, Amarante shambled away, mildly satisfied with some pink sugar pills. By this time Elena was almost glad that neither doctor nor nurse seemed aware that the clinic was her idea. She felt as uncomfortable as a hostess whose honor guests have traveled far to a party only to find nobody there to honor them. When she went home for lunch, Amarante remained the clinic's sole patient. When she returned, only doctor, nurse, and Isabella were there, lunches eaten and hands idle.

IT was midafternoon before a second patient came. Little doña Proni appeared, bowed under the slight weight of her youngest child. His puny, choked whimper was muffled against her thin shoulder, and doctor and nurse had to pry him away with gentle force to peer into his throat.

With the first look, the doctor's boredom vanished. "You step outside," he told Isabella and Elena, "and let no one else in. Later we will take a smear," he directed the nurse, "but this seems a clear case." To the mother he explained, "I am afraid it's diphtheria. We must get him to the hospital."

Doña Proni's hold on the baby tightened spasmodically, but she made no objection. "You have other children?"

"Eight," she whispered.

"Any other sore throats?"

"No."

"We will stop on our way down and give them all antitoxin and you must let us know at once if there is the least sign of illness."

Already Miss Bates was packing her supplies. Very soon doctor, nurse, mother, and baby were spinning away in the coupé.

Scarcely had they gone when a small procession trudged up the road, looking back questioningly. The mothers and daughters of the plastering party had come to view the work of their hands. "Your notice said ten to five," complained Connie's mother, "and it's only three."

March, 1949

"The doctor and nurse are hurrying doña Proni's baby to the hospital," Isabella explained. "They will also inoculate the family, and so an epidemic may be prevented. We can all be very thankful."

"Diphtheria?" the women demanded.

"Diphtheria."

If only Natán knew of this, Elena thought, as she hurried home. His elder brothers and sister had died in one of Mirador's diphtheria epidemics. The clinic had already justified itself, and surely next Wednesday would see crowds of patients there. When her brilliant plan to help Mirador was well established she could begin again to think about leaving.

What if the cherry harvest had come and gone? There would be other ways. With her great adventure among the curly-headed Anglos and Natán in mind, Elena went down to see Felicia as soon as her chores were done. Would Felicia give her the name of her home permanent?

"I have an extra package," Felicia offered. "Oh, could I buy it from you? I'll bring the money tomorrow. Then I could do the permanent tonight."

"Getting beautiful for the wedding?" Felicia asked, her mouth curling in a smile.

Her friendliness surprised Elena, for Felicia's manner toward her had long been cool and aloof. But she wasted no time puzzling over the change. She hurried home with her prize. She had never tried a permanent before, for don Cirilo and doña Lucita abhorred them, and she herself had not cared to bother. She usually spent less time on her hair than any other girl in Mirador.

Luckily the kit had directions in Spanish as well as English. Carefully Elena followed them. She had so much hair that the job was long, but she had heard other girls moan about it and was prepared. Though every curler pulled and poked, her head sweated under the heavy towel, and the chemical odor saturated her, she endured it stoically.

"God grant I never smell anything more like the *Inferno*!" doña Lucita said.

At last Elena could unwind the curlers, dunk the released hair in another solution, and set it. The rest of the day she worked with her head wound in a bandanna, while don Cirilo's eyes followed with disapproval, and doña Lucita sniffed.

In the intense heat even Elena's heavy mop dried fast. In the late afternoon, when her grandmother was settled in the portal, Elena hurried to Emilio's room, where she could work unobserved and be alone when her new beauty burst from its cocoon.

With trembling eagerness she removed the scarf, combed out a length of auburn hair, and peered into the mirror. Then she combed faster, body twisting, foot tapping, tangles jerking, eyes wide.

"No-no-no!" she cried.

With a last wild stare into the glass, she leaped up, crowded down her upspringing hair, wrapped the bandanna around it, and dashed down the quiet road to Felicia's house. After one glance at Elena, Felicia bent lower over the blouse she was ironing.

Without wasting time, Elena jerked off her kerchief. "Felicia," she sputtered, "did you ever see it work like this?"

Felicia lifted her eyes and snorted with laughter.

"Well?" Elena demanded tragically.

"On different people it works differently," Felicia murmured.

TRUE OR FALSE?



It's best to skip your daily bath

"those days" of the month!

FALSE. Tub baths, and shower baths too, are even more important at this time, when you want to pay *special* attention to personal hygiene.

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NOW!**

"And it never did this thing to you?" Felicia started to speak, and reddened when her mother interrupted. "Why, yes!" said doña Paulita. "Two years ago, Felicia, the first time you tried. You got two packages because they were selling out, but it was such poor stuff you never used the second one. Your hair was like—like steel wool that had rusted. Elena, you must remember, too. At least you remember our shaving her head, and she a big girl."

Understanding and rage swept over Elena. "It was that other poor package that you gave me," she stuttered. "On purpose. Well, here is your old dollar."

She hurled the handful of coins toward Felicia, crammed her own bushel of steel wool into her bandanna again and strode toward the door.

"Felicia," doña Paulita begged her daughter in horror, "tell her it is not true!"

"She acts as if she never did anything mean herself," Felicia muttered. "Well, you can just think again, Elena Trujillo! Do not pretend you have forgotten. When Mama shaved my head that time, I always wore a silk scarf to cover it. And you—you jerked it off in front of everybody, boys and all, and I nearly died of shame. Right then I said that I would get even, and now I have."

While Felicia's voice rose high with remembered mortification, and doña Paulita kept up a running fire of unbelief and rebuke, Elena stood with her back against the door, petrified by returning recollection.

In summer the valley children often had their heads shaved, for coolness and a stronger growth of hair. Felicia had been past the usual age for shaving, and had hidden her shame with care. Even in church, when both should have been intent on other things, Elena's half-open eyes had seen Felicia clutch her scarf as if afraid someone would jerk it off. The temptation had been too strong. Elena had yielded, and a bristly red scalp had popped out of hiding.

Remembering, Elena felt unwilling laughter rising within her. "Well, then, we're quits," she said, and strode away without looking back.

HER excitement had blinded her to the darkening of the sky and the stillness of the trees. On reaching the house under the hill she was astonished to find her grandmother in the yard, hanging between her crutches, directing don Cirilo as he made stiff lunges toward the squawking young chickens.

"Well, it is high time!" doña Lucita declared. "Get them in, Elena, before the storm drowns them."

With an astonished upward glance Elena obeyed. Before she had shut in the last chick, the heavy sky was emptying itself on the parched earth.

In the house she found her grandmother complacently regarding the taut white ceiling cloth as she rocked. "We plastered so well that there are no leaks," she said.

Don Cirilo stood at the window, his face lengthening as the storm thundered on. "Our wheat was all but ready to cut!" he mourned.

The wheat must be dead ripe to be cut with sickles and threshed by goats in the old style, and the storm would damage it. Yet Elena was more relieved than sad. She hoped this deluge would wash the road so badly that the doctor and nurse might not be able to come for two weeks. And her hair grew fast.

Bad as that hair was, she could not waste



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time mourning over it. All she could do was to drag the comb through it daily, braid it fiercely tight, wrap it up, and go about her reaping, threshing, winnowing, and all the other tasks.

Naturally her smoldering consciousness of the ugly permanent did flame up within her on occasions. One of these was Connie's wedding. As expected, Elena was one of the bridesmaids, and she felt herself sticking out of the pretty group like a sore thumb.

Her lustrous hair had grown out a little and she had cut off some of the worst fuzz. But that was not all. Much as the outdoor valley people preferred fair skins, they were used to their deep tan, yearly renewed by March winds and summer suns. But Elena, with her extra chores, was the brownest of all. She looked like a copper statue in aqua taffeta and a bronze helmet.

OTHERWISE it was such a beautiful wedding, she thought sadly, and as up-to-date as an Anglo wedding in Pueblo, except for the church. The church didn't match. It was as if two jigsaw puzzles had been mixed. The bridesmaids in their modish formals, and the bride in white satin and veil, came out of a Twentieth Century scene. The church, without pews, with candles along the walls, and statues and paintings from the Middle Ages, was a picture from the past.

During the usual day-long wedding festivities, Elena sometimes forgot her hair and her tan, but every sight of Felicia's soft waves and curls made her burn with envy. Joe Rivera, however, seemed to find her as attractive as ever, and stood out all the dances she could not give him.

It was after midnight when the guitar player in the little orchestra sang to the bride and groom the customary long song, some verses new, some ancient. Then came one of the serious parts of the wedding, the *entriego*, the giving of the bride into her young husband's care. Suddenly all giggles were stilled in the hot little house. With solemn eloquence the father and mother spoke the words that had been used for generations, and to Elena the worn phrases became new. They told of the young people's duties to God and to each other, and how they should build a good home and a happy one, because marriage was forever and forever.

As the crowd of young people strolled home together, Elena was still under the spell of the *entriego*. Joe Rivera walked beside her, and she felt the sweet sadness of his hopeless interest. Was he not building a house for another and unknown girl?

At Elena's stile he lingered in the cool moonlight. "Elena," he asked huskily, "may I come and see you?"

"But—but you are to be married."

"That is all ended," he told her, "and now I am no longer sad about it. Elena, will you go steady with me?"

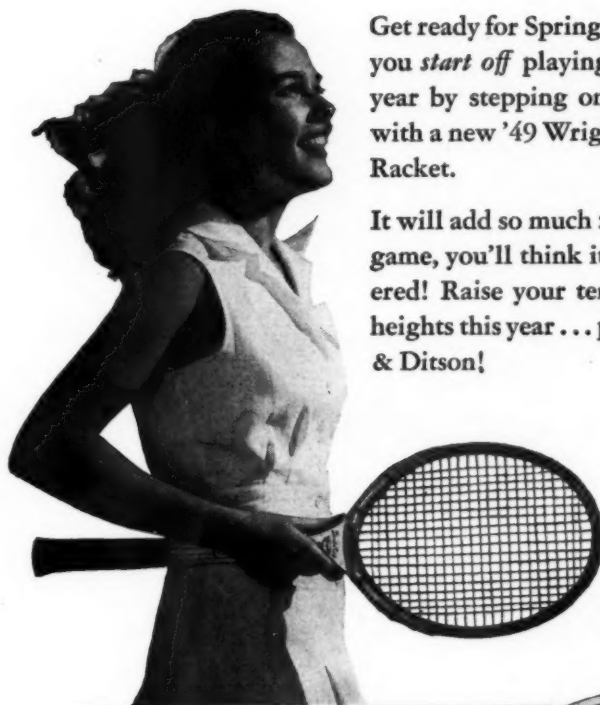
With Joe? If she said yes, she would be putting out of her life the dream she had always treasured. That dream would be dead. But was it not dead already?

"I will—I will think about it," she murmured, and ran into the house so that Joe should not see that she was crying.

All that short night she dreamed feverishly of weddings. She herself was always in the center, wearing satin and tulle. But the bridegroom's face she could never seem to see.

(To be continued)

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Girl Scouts In Conference

(Continued from page 36)

talkies, work groups); a panel discussion by girls and adults, followed by discussion from the floor; and a luncheon round table, usually on specific interests. Often, too, there's a social meeting for getting acquainted which may include both boys and girls, and a business session. Many sessions are opened and closed with special ceremonies.

Let's see how this general program was developed at a recent successful Girl Scout Senior conference.

Overall theme: "The Girl Scout of Today is the Miss America of Tomorrow."

Work Groups:

- Mariner Girl Scouts Chart Their Course
- Wing Scouting
- Four Years as a Service Scout
- Girl Guiding in England

Luncheon, with movies of Girl Scout International Encampment. Report from group leaders.

Panel Discussions:

- Senior Scouting, Where To?
- Folk Dancing
- Banquet
- Closing ceremony: Taps

It's important to the success of a conference that every speaker and discussion leader knows what is expected of her (or him) well in advance. With the invitation to speak should go such information as the exact date and hour they're expected; length of time allotted for speech; approximately how many people will attend and the average age of the group; and any suggestions as to what portion of their subject might be covered and what aspects are of greatest interest to the group. It's a good idea to arrange a meeting for all discussion leaders and speakers shortly before the conference.

When it's all over until next year, and the thank-you notes are written and the report sent to the sponsor—what then? You'll remember the dance, the food, the people you met, and the work that was fun. But more than that, you've done some important thinking, you've learned a lot, and you've started projects that will carry on through the year. Maybe you planned to improve the school library, to carry out a conservation program on the camp site, or launch a project in your troop or club to understand other countries better, and contribute to the welfare of needy children overseas. Whatever your theme, when the well-planned conference is over, your ideas keep on working for a better world tomorrow.

THE END

This is on Me

(Continued from page 16)

bill was a 1922 version of what Sandra calls a "dreamboat." George Burns was his name.

Well, George signed me on as his stage partner, and not long after that began proposing that we extend the partnership to include marriage. I was sure I loved him, but my career came first, and even though George asked me to marry him before, during, and after every show for more than a year, my answer was still the same—"No." Finally he issued this ultimatum, "Either we

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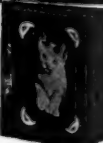
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get married in ten days or we break up the act." Like a fighter who has ten counts to get off the floor, I waited for a full nine days before giving in.

We were married in Cleveland, and shortly thereafter returned to New York with a new act George had just written, called "Lamb Chops." By the end of 1930 we had played most of the vaudeville houses in this country, had toured Europe, and had had our first brush with radio in London, where we did a twenty-six weeks radio stint.

The next year I made my American radio debut. George and I were playing in New York's Palace Theatre on the same bill with Eddie Cantor. Eddie invited me to join him for five minutes, one Sunday night, on his new radio program. It was a tremendous break, and he made it even more so by purposely allowing me to steal the show. Right after that, George and I received a flood of requests to appear as guest artists on other big programs. Finally we got a show of our own, and since that time we have been off the air only for vacations.

If you have "character" leanings, you may be interested in learning how the "other me" developed. Way back, George was the comedian and I played straight girl, or "feeder"—much as Mary Livingston plays feeder to Jack Benny. Somehow or other, my straight lines seemed to get as many laughs as George's funny ones did. So George decided to rewrite our act, making himself the straight man and giving me the gag lines. With our roles reversed, we were a natural for any type of audience—the dumb girl and the exasperated, smarter male. No matter how modern a man may be in thinking women are equal to him in gray matter, the old male-supremacy theory is bound to crop out unexpectedly now and again. That puts the male population right in George's corner. Women like us for two reasons: first, it would be impossible for any woman not to feel mentally superior to Gracie Allen, and second, in spite of my dim-wittedness I usually manage to come out on top.

On one of our programs I started taking piano lessons and continued to take them for the six successive weeks. Naturally, I had trouble—I consistently got six notes right and one wrong. Then, because all gags eventually must have a pay-off, I composed my "Concerto for One Finger," in which the orchestra runs through an arrangement of well-known melodies while I sit at the piano and contribute an occasional note with my index finger. Actually, the piece was composed by the talented Felix Mills, arranger for Walt Disney. "The 'Concerto' was first played on the Burns-and-Allen program with Paul Whiteman conducting the orchestra, and since then I have practically worn my index finger to a nub in guest appearances all over the country.

There is no limit to character exploitation possibilities—but always bear in mind that the most important factor in building a radio character is the reaction of the listening public. Of course this is determined officially by the ratings of the radio research organizations, but fan mail is also a fine source of this knowledge, and I give close attention to every letter I receive. Fan letters also supply us with some excellent show material. As you know, everything can't be left to the script writers, so George and I are constantly on the alert for new ideas, and some of the best gags we've used originated in the fertile brain of some listener.

(Continued on page 49)



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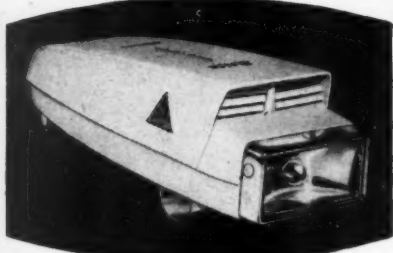
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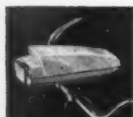
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Jokes

SURROUNDED

BIG-GAME HUNTER: To my right was a lion. To my left were tigers. In front and back of me were wild boars.

BREATHLESS BOY: What happened?

HUNTER: The merry-go-round stopped.
Sent by ALICE FERNANDES, Wallingford, Connecticut

OUCH!

JERRY: What's the difference between here and there?

MARY: I give up. What?

JERRY: The letter T.
Sent by ALICE ANNE ARNOLD, Seattle, Washington

HEAD FIRST

FLIER: I was trying to make a new record.

FARMER: You did. You're the first man to climb down that tree without climbing up it.

Sent by THEDA LONDON, Comanche, Texas

MORE LIKE IT

MOTHER: Tomorrow's your birthday. Would you like to have a cake with ten candles?

JUNIOR: Couldn't I have ten cakes with one candle?

Sent by JUDY WARNER, Wilmington, Delaware

SHOWN UP

TEACHER: What is ignorance, Terry?

TERRY: Ignorance is when you don't know something and somebody finds it out.

Sent by DORIS SEELEY, Mansfield, Pennsylvania

ON THE DOT

JANE: If a man gave one son fifteen cents and another ten cents, what time would it be?

JILL: I don't know.

JANE: A quarter to two.
Sent by NATALIE SALTER, Scarsdale, New York

SHEEP'S TALE

Abraham Lincoln is said to have asked a man the following question: "How many legs has a sheep, calling the tail a leg?"

"Five," promptly answered the man.

"No, four," replied Lincoln. "Calling the tail a leg doesn't make it one."

Sent by SHIRLEY HOUPT, Polco, Kansas

WITH NUTS?

AUNT: Would you care for a banana split with me?

LITTLE GIRL: Can't I have a whole one?

Sent by LAURA MAE RICE, Stayton, Oregon

QUICK, A PEN!

POLLY: Mother, I've been helping you.

MOTHER: What have you been doing?

POLLY: I licked all of your stamps so they'll be ready to put on your letters.

Sent by BARBARA HALL, Oakland, California

GOOD SWAP

HE (at the movies): Can you see all right?

SHE: Yes.

HE: Is there a draft on you?

SHE: No.

HE: Seat comfortable?

SHE: Yes.

HE: Mind changing, please?

Sent by KATHLEEN HAROLD, Stayton, Oregon

The American Girl will pay \$1.00 for every joke printed on this page. Send your best jokes to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 135 East 44th St., New York 17, New York. Be sure to include your name, address, and age, and write in ink or on the typewriter.

LIFE WITH 'LIL

by Merrylen



Illustration

This is on Me

(Continued on page 47)

Naturally, since I have a very personal interest in a young lady named Sandra and a young man named Roddy, I am partial to letters from teen-agers, but my personal interest in teen-agers isn't the only reason. I have found that they are generally very frank in their criticism—good or bad.

Writing fan letters will provide a wealth of invaluable experience for those of you who want to write for radio. In the first place, to compose a constructive letter you really have to listen to the program, and to analyze the techniques of the writing and acting. Before you write your letter, it would be a good idea to read over some of the radio columns in your newspapers, then write a daily column as if you were the editor. Radio editors make nice salaries.

As a matter of fact, there are many fine jobs in radio and its allied fields, and if you want one later, my best advice is for you to get all the background and experience available, starting now. Perhaps you will be able to find a summer job with a local radio station. Maybe your school has a Mike Club, or can provide a chance for you to appear on some teen-age program. If you are a Girl Scout, of course you'll want your Radio badge. Incidentally, I think the requirements for that badge provide a wonderfully complete course in radio.

Although many people are apt to counsel you to make a career of any field but their own, I must say honestly that no matter how long I stay in radio, I'll still love it. I can think of no other field in which a career would be more fun.

Yes, a career in radio is fun. But it also requires time, patience, perseverance, and determination. Whether you aspire to be a writer, director, technician, actress, or sound-effects gal, you will be up against some very high-class competition. THE END



OUR MARCH COVER

"March comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb!" That's the theme our cover girls help represent, both braving March winds in Barbara's worsted and rayon gabardine coat. As you see, the separate shoestring belt makes it a two-way coat—fitted or flared. It comes in teen sizes 10-16, and costs about \$40 at the stores listed. Lorraine Davies (cover girl on the right) hails from Orlando, Florida, where she was elected Florida "Tangerine Queen" before coming to model in New York. Her hobbies are photography and cooking, while the love in the life of Jerilyn Miller (left), a Detroit, is flying. She's a licensed pilot, spends her free time making solo flights.

YOU CAN BUY

the coat featured on the cover and the suits and coats on pages 18 and 19 at any of the following stores:

Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y.

J. N. Adam, Buffalo, N. Y.

Baker Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

L. Bamberger, Newark, N. J.

Davison-Paxon, Atlanta, Ga.

Dey Bros. & Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

The Fair, Chicago, Ill.

Famous-Barr, St. Louis, Mo.

Filene's, Boston, Mass.

Halliburton's, Oklahoma City, Okla.

S. H. Heironimus, Roanoke, Va.

Hochschild, Kohn & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Howland Dry Goods, Bridgeport, Conn.

Hudson's, Detroit, Mich.

Mabley & Carew, Cincinnati, Ohio

May Company, Denver, Colo.

Pomeroy's, Harrisburg, Pa.

Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, Pa.

Whitney's, Albany, N. Y.

Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.

Yunker-Davidson's, Sioux City, Iowa.

NEW Book on Fishing—FREE!



Every fisherman needs "Fishing—What Tackle and When"—76 pages of fishing hints, fish pictures, South Bend tackle. Write today!

NIP-I-DIDDEE

New, semi-weedless, high-floating surface bait. Fish-tempting action. 6 finishes. Length 3". Weight 5/8 oz. \$1.25



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Cactus Plant and Triangle—Given! (as shown) Ivory Coast, Guinea, Nippon, Palestine, etc. Includes Pirate & "Fairy Tale" stamps, Arabian 3 language stamp, Sea Lion & Snake, French & Portuguese Colonies, etc. ALL GIVEN with approvals for 3c postage. Patented Stamp Co., Dept. 124, Washington 25, D. C.

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(1) Big collection of 112 all different genuine stamps from Africa, South America, South Sea Islands, etc. Includes Air-mails, Triangle and Animal Stamps; many others. (2) Four scarce unused United States, catalog price 40c. (3) Fine packet 25 different British Colonies—Burma, Hong Kong, Solomon Islands, etc. (4) U. S. \$5.00 high value. Total catalog price over \$5.00! Everything for only 10c to approval applicants! Big lists of other bargains given.

CRYSTAL STAMP CO., Littleton 14, N. H.

WOW!! \$10.00 WORTH OF FUN — ONLY 10¢!

What a treasure hunt! Big package 500 Foreign Stamps from foreign missions, other sources. Includes Stamps from Africa, South America, Free French, Somali, Palestine, etc. Includes airmails, commemoratives and stamps worth up to 50c. This offer sent for 10c to Approval Applicants only.

JAMESTOWN STAMP CO., Dept. 90, Jamestown, N. Y.

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500 UNITED STATES STAMPS — absolutely unopened and unsorted — just as received from church missions. Many varieties, including large commemoratives, airmails, high denominations, up to \$5.00! Stampdom's biggest package at fun — and you might find something really valuable! PRICE ONLY 10c TO SERIOUS APPROVAL APPLICANTS. Money back if not delighted. Illustrated bargain lists with each order.

MYSTIC STAMP COMPANY, Dept. 70, CAMDEN, NEW YORK.

200 Different Stamps ONLY 3c

to APPROVAL BUYERS. Contains stamps worth up to 15c each!

LITTLETON STAMP CO., LITTLETON 14, N. H.

GIVEN! Irish Commemorative Collection, including Rebellion Issue with approvals. 3c Postage. Raymax, 123-G William St., NYC 7

100 Diff. STAMPS, ALBUM, Gauge, lists, etc.—25c . . . 2,500 World Stamps, set worth several dollars, hinges, & gauge—all for \$2.130 page illustrated stamp album—50c Smith & Co., Box 6818, N.E. 9th, Kansas City, Mo.



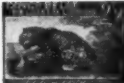
Foreign Coin, Banknote and large illustrated coin list GIVEN to approval service applicants for 3c postage. BARGAINS! 3 Indianhead cents, 10c; Wooden nickel, 10c; Chinese Dollar, 55c.

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WORLD'S LARGEST STAMP!

A real curiosity! A stamp so large (7 1/2 x 14 inches) it will occupy a full page in your album. Retail for 50c. Given to approval service applicants sending 3c postage. STAMPHI All different. 500 for \$1; 1000 for \$2.

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225 ALL DIFFERENT STAMPS Congo, China, Japan, Siam, Philippines, Ceylon, many other countries, with commemoratives, air mails, pictorials. 10c to approval applicants only! L. Nagas, 318 Bellevista, Newark, Ohio



200 Different Stamps including F.D.A. TRIANGLE and 5¢ Approval Applicants RYDLON STAMP CO. Dept. 125 SPRINGFIELD MASS

● GIVEN! Surprise package of Stamps 12 different Countries, 1 Watermark Detector, 1 Perforation Gauge, supply of Stamp Hinges, 1 Approval Sheet for Duplicate Stamps, 1 Rare Triangle to Approval Applicant sending 3c Postage. Belair Stamp Co., 2200 Park Ave., Dept. 6, Baltimore 17, Md.

200 BRITISH EMPIRE STAMPS—only 3c! Kenmore Stamp Co., Arlington 74F, Mass. GIVEN—ILLUSTRATED CATALOG! Kenmore Stamp Co., Arlington 74F, Mass.

★ What Are "Approvals"? "Approvals," or "approval sheets," mean sheets with stamps attached which are made up and sent out by dealers. The only obligation on the part of the recipient of "Approvals" is that the stamps must be returned promptly and in good condition, or paid for. The price of each stamp is on the sheet and the collector should detach those which he wishes to buy, then return the sheet with the remaining stamps in as good order as when received, enclosing with it the price of the stamps he has detached and, most important, his name, street address, city, postal zone number, State, and the invoice number.

In Step with the Times



by **LLOYD WELDON**

Timber!

Fifty years ago, the first class of the newly founded New York State College of Forestry was hard at work. That class consisted of just one student! This year, 87,718 students, both men and women, are enrolled in forestry schools in this country, and jobs will be available for all when they are graduated.

The first school for foresters was established in Europe in 1811, in Saxony, and others soon followed. In 1876 a graduate of a Prussian forestry school, B. E. Fernow, came to the United States, and seeing the need in this country for skilled foresters, began a campaign for schools to train them. By then the American public had become aware that our vast timber resources would soon disappear if steps were not taken to check the destructive forest fires, insect blights, and unscientific lumbering methods. So Fernow's campaign won public support, and resulted in the establishment of State schools of forestry.

In the early days, students were taught only the proper planting and thinning of trees. But Dean Hugh P. Baker, of the New York State College, advocated the teaching of such things as the best kinds of lumber for various types of construction; utilization of waste cuttings; the newest scientific methods of papermaking. Because of this, Dean Baker was threatened with expulsion from the Society of American Foresters, who considered his innovations unnecessary!

Today forestry courses include landscape management, wood and paper technology, forest-fire control, and tree-nursery work. Teaching techniques have become so modern that in Syracuse one course is given by television; so specialized that at another school freshmen are advised to choose, when they marry, wives who will enjoy outdoor life! But the fundamental principle behind it all is the conservation of our vital natural resources.

World-Wide

In 1895 a Swiss newspaper reporter in search of a feature story visited a home for the aged, and, among others, interviewed someone named Henri Dunant. That interview made front-page news all over the world, and as a result, honor and glory were heaped upon a forgotten old man.

Who was this forgotten man so belatedly honored? He was the Swiss banker who, as a young man, had organized the International Red Cross. Ironically, it was because of the Red Cross that he was destitute, for

he had devoted so much of his energy to the organization that his business failed and he became bankrupt. He had gone to live in the Paris slums, and the world had believed him dead.

Ninety years ago, young Dunant, caught, while on a journey, in the area of the battle of Solferino in Italy, was horrified at the suffering of the wounded. He enlisted the aid of some Italian women and four English tourists to nurse the soldiers, and induced a few small boys to carry water for them. He treated the wounded of both armies alike, setting a policy the Red Cross follows today.

From that time on, Henri Dunant worked to build an organization to aid the helpless and suffering, and in 1864, through his

States, in our own country, following an earthquake and tornadoes.

No wonder the whole world was shocked to find Henri Dunant living out his years in poverty and loneliness, or that when he died at the age of eighty-two in 1910, he was mourned the world over.

A Number-One Man

Not so long ago, a polished, suave young man was being questioned by a Senate committee on his qualifications for the job of Undersecretary of the Treasury.

"What financial experience do you have?" one of the Senators asked.

"None at all," the young man answered.

Yet he got the job! For the Senate committee knew his keen legal mind, and his reputation for straightforwardness and honesty. Since then he has held several key positions in our Government, where he has been called "Number-Two Man" because he always has assisted a top official. But today, as Secretary of State, Dean G. Acheson is a "Number-One Man."

A riding and soccer enthusiast, Secretary Acheson, now fifty-five, is considered one of the handsomest men in Washington. The son of a British-born Episcopal bishop of Connecticut and a Canadian-born mother, he attended Groton and Yale, served in the Navy in World War I, and received his law degree in 1918 from Harvard. While still in law school he married Alice Stanley, and they have one son and two daughters.

After his graduation from law school, his professor there, Felix Frankfurter, suggested to Supreme Court Justice Brandeis that he take on Mr. Acheson as his secretary. He served so well in this capacity that thereafter Justice Brandeis accepted the outstanding member of Harvard Law School each year as his secretary.

Mr. Acheson was Undersecretary of the Treasury for six months in 1933. He resigned when he disagreed with one of President Roosevelt's fiscal policies, but returned to Government service in 1941, when the President asked him to take the post of Assistant Secretary of State under Cordell Hull.

In 1947, after he had helped draft the Truman Doctrine for the Containment of Communism, he resigned to take up private law practice. But it was not long before he was called upon once more to serve his country when, in January of this year, President Truman asked him to accept the office of Secretary of State, and to take on the tremendous task of carrying out our foreign policy.

THE END

QUICKIE QUIZ

Remember the saying, "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love"? If the young men below were paying court today to the young ladies who became their wives, what would be the young ladies' names?

1. John Alden
2. William Shakespeare
3. Louis XVI of France
4. Rhett Butler
5. John Rolfe
6. Othello

ANSWERS

1. Pricilla Mullens
2. Anne Hathaway
3. Marie Antoinette
4. Scarlett O'Hara
5. Pocahontas
6. Desdemona

efforts, representatives of sixteen nations met at the Geneva Convention and approved the Red Cross, which honored its Swiss founder by using as its emblem, in reverse, the colors of his country's flag.

At the time of the Geneva Convention the United States was engaged in the Civil War and could not participate. But Clara Barton, famous Civil War nurse, campaigned strenuously to organize the Red Cross in this country, and in 1882 the first local chapter was incorporated at Danville, New York. Since then the American National Red Cross, which is holding its annual drive for funds this month, has become the largest single voluntary humanitarian agency in the world.

But this great body is only one part of the International Red Cross. The terrible "Year of Disaster"—1906—illustrates the world-wide scope of the organization. In that year the Red Cross served in Japanese famine areas; in Italy after the eruption of Vesuvius; in Chile after a disastrous earthquake; and in San Francisco and the Gulf

HOW A TAXI MADE A TRIP TO BERMUDA



1. Amidst all this Bermuda sun and Easter lilies, it's hard to remember myself a few weeks ago. Me, sloshing across a cold, wet Main Street feeling a deep Bermuda Blue when I *should* have been feeling larky!



2. How come? I had an invite—and steamer ticket—from my Aunt to spend Spring vacation with her in Bermuda. But dressed in what? A barrel? My clothes budget's not cruise class, I was ruminating, when a passing taxi drenched me!



3. I staggered into the nearest door—and found my salvation! It was the SINGER SEWING CENTER. Mopping me up, they explained how their TEEN-AGE SEWING COURSE could teach me to make dreamy dresses for a song! So I *did*! It was easy, too—and fun!

4. Thanks to SINGER and that taxi, my trip to Bermuda was *made*. I'm planning super summer finery, too, now that I've learned all the sewing tricks from my SINGER SEWING CENTER!

DOES YOUR CLOSET NEED A SPRING LIFT?

Don't be tied to those tired togs! Let SINGER show you how to replace them with gay, fresh, summer numbers. The price is low and the saving high! Get details from your SINGER SEWING CENTER. (See your classified telephone directory for the address nearest you.) SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY.

SINGER SEWING CENTERS

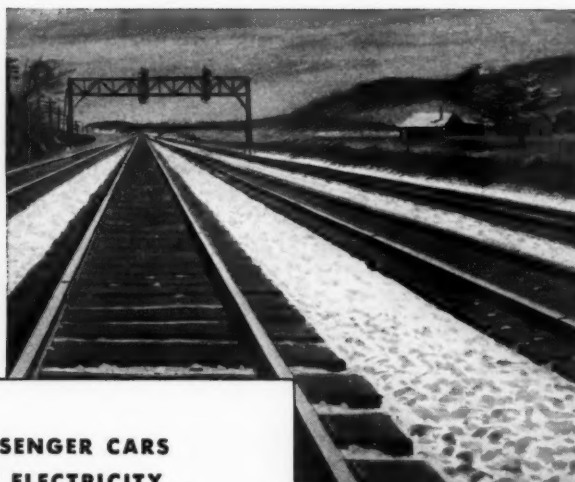
There's one near you to serve you



* The dress illustrated requires $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39" material for size 13. The dickey and sash require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 35" material. The pattern numbers may be obtained from your local SINGER SEWING CENTER.



FROM THE LOCOMOTIVE?



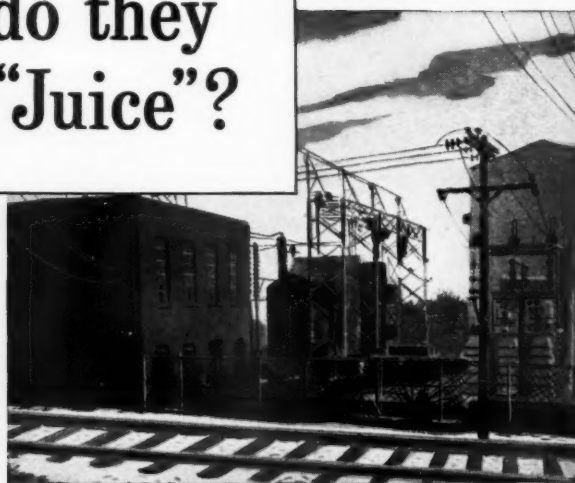
FROM CURRENT
IN THE TRACKS?

RAILROAD PASSENGER CARS
USE A LOT OF ELECTRICITY...

Where do they get the "Juice"?



FROM THE TURNING OF THE CAR WHEELS?



FROM SUB-STATIONS ALONG THE ROUTE?

FOR MOST CARS the correct answer is "FROM THE TURNING OF THE CAR WHEELS."

As the train moves, the wheels turn. As they revolve, they drive either a belt or a shaft geared to the axle. This device, in turn, drives a generator which makes the electric current—so long as the train is moving. Storage batteries keep the current constant and supply electricity when the car is not in motion.

This is but one of the many efficient devices and methods which have been developed in the course

of the railroad industry's program of research and improvement which goes on constantly. Last year they spent over a billion dollars on new and better cars and locomotives, on

improved tracks, terminals, signals and other things which make for better, more comfortable travel and dependable, low-cost freight transportation.

There is only one way in which railroads can keep on making investments of this kind. This is through earnings in line with today's higher level of costs. This is the best kind of insurance that American people and American business will continue to have the most efficient, most economical, most dependable rail transportation in the world.

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